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The youth in his converted
State. Ætat. su. 16.
Narrow is the Way that leads to Life

The youth in his naturall state
. Etat. su. 16.

Ymc.

War with the Devil:

OR THE

Young Mans Conflict

WITH THE

Powers of Darkneſs.

In a Dialogue,

Diſcovering the corruption and vanity of Youth, the horrible nature of Sin, and deplorable condition of fallen Man.

Alſo, a Definition, Power, and Rule of **Conſcience**, and the Nature of true **Converſion**.

To which is added,

An Appendix, containing a **Dialogue** between an Old **Apoſtate**, and a Young **Profeſſor**.

Worthy the Peruſal of all, but chiefly intended for the Inſtruction of the Younger-ſort.

By *B. K.*

Pſal. 119. v. 9. *Wherewithall ſhall a Young-man cleanſe his way? by taking heed thereto according to thy Word.*

Licenſed, and Entred according to Order.

London, Printed for *Benjamin Harris*, and are to be ſold at the Sign of the Stationers-Armes in *Bell-Alley* in *Coleman ſtreet*. Anno Dom. 1673.

By a Friend, in Commendation of theſe POEMS.

MY Muſe is dull; although I have a will
This Book for to commend, I want the skil.
I know not how its worth for to declare;
Few *Poems* may, doubtleſs, with it compare:
Not for rare elegant Scholaſtick ſtrains,
Which flow alone from thoſe quick-witted brains
Who with their Rhetorick and curious Art,
Strive to affect the fancy, not the heart.
This *Treatiſe* read (kind Friend) & thou ſhalt ſee
'Tis chiefly fill'd with choice Divinitie.
The Author ſoars on high, his main deſign
Is to inſtruct that precious Soul of thine.
I'th' path Cœleſtial, ſhews thee very plain,
How thou in Chriſt an Int'reſt may'ſt obtain.
Or, if in Chriſt thy Soul has got a place,
He to thy joy, ſhews forth thy happy caſe.
This *Poem*'s like a Meſſenger ſent forth,
To give a viſit to the drowzy Earth;
The ſluggiſh Soul it ſtrives for to awake,
Before it drops into the Fiery Lake.
There's very few upon the Earth do live,
But might from hence ſome benefit receive.

For though it is brought forth in this our Clime,
Yet 'twill agree with every place and time.
Its meſſage is of ſuch a large extent,
It may in truth to all the world be ſent.
To *Male* and *Female*, low and high degree,
He ſpeaks a word to *bond* as well as *free*.
All, in whom Conſcience dwells, he lets them ſee
Conſcience's great Pow'r and Authoritie.
When Heavens hot thunder-bolts with fire & hail
Made *Egypts* mighty Monarch's courage fail;
Conſcience ſtept in, made him cry out amain
The Lord is juſt: I, and my wicked train
Have ſinn'd: Yea, Conſcience alſo brings,
Saul, Son of *Kiſh*, the firſt of *Iſrael*'s Kings,
Before th' Prophet humbly to confeſs,
That he had ſinn'd and acted wickedneſs.
Conſcience made *David* to cry out amain,
'Tis I have ſinn'd, I have Uriah *ſlain.*
Though *David* ſlew a Lyon and a Bear,
And did not the great Giants courage fear;
Yet Conſcience made him ſtoop and tremble too:
And more than this you'l find Conſcience can do.
Here's Counſels for Profeſſors and Prophane,
Chuſe or refuſe, here's loſs and alſo gain.
One Reaſon, *Reader*, of this mode or ſtile,
Is, that it might with honeſt craft beguile,
Such curious fancies, who had rather choſe
To read ten lines in Verſe, than one in Proſe.
And as the nimble Fly, that lightly ſprings
Againſt the flame, until ſhe burns her wings,

Is

Is taken Captive with that ſulphurous flame,
With which ſhe only ſought to ſport and game:
So whilſt thoſe curious fancies think to play
With this ſmall piece, 'twill ſecretly betray
Them to their Conſcience, and if Conſcience ſend
Them to God's Word, the *Author* has his end.
Provided that unto the ſame they yield,
And Grace and Conſcience do obtain the field.

Farewel.

W. B.

To the Reader, *in Vindication of this Book.*

ONe or two Lines to thee, I'le here commend
This honeſt *POEM* briefly to defend
From Calumny, becauſe that at this day
All Poetry there's many do gain-ſay,
And very much condemn, as if the ſame
Did worthily deſerve reproach and blame.
If any Book in verſe they chance to ſpy;
Away, *Prophane*, they preſently do cry:
But though this kind of Writing ſome diſpraiſe,
Sith men ſo captious are in theſe our days;
Yet I dare ſay, how e're this Scruple roſe,
Verſe hath expreſt as Sacred things as Proſe.
Though ſome there be that Poetry abuſe,
Muſt we therefore not the ſame method uſe?
Yes ſure, for of Science it is the beſt,
And doth deſerve more Honour than the reſt:
For 'tis no Humane knowledge, gain'd by Art,
But rather 'tis inſpir'd into the heart
By Divine means, for true Divinity
Hath with this Science great Affinity:
Though ſome through Ignorance do it oppoſe,
Many do it eſteem far more then Proſe:
And find alſo that unto them it brings
Content, and hath been the delight of Kings.
David, although a King, yet was a Poet,
And *Solomon* alſo, the Scriptures ſhow it.
Then what if for all this ſome ſhould debaſe it,
I'm apt to think the Angels do embrace it:
And though God giv't here but in part to ſome,
Saints ſhall have't perfect in the World to come.

E. B.

Youth in his Unconverted State.

Youth.

THe *Naturaliſts* moſt aptly do compare
My age unto the Spring, whoſe beauty's rare,
When *Sol* enters into the golden Sign
Which is call'd *Aries*, his glorious ſhine
And ſplendent rays do cauſe the Earth to ſpring,
And Trees to bud, and quickens every thing.
All Plants and Herbs and Flowers then do flouriſh,
The graſs doth ſprout, the tender lambs to nouriſh
Thoſe things in Winter that ſeem'd to be dead,
Do now riſe up and briskly ſhew their head,
And do obtain a glorious Reſurrection
By *Sol*'s hot beams, and powerful Reflection.
How in the pleaſant fruitful Month of *May*,
Are Meadows clad with Flowers rich and gay:
And all Earth's Globe adorn'd in garments green,
Mix'd with rare yellow, crown'd like to a Queen:
The Primroſe, Cowſlip, and the Violet,
Are curiouſly with other Flowers ſet.

And

And chirping Birds with their melodious ſounds
Delight mans heart, whoſe pleaſure now abounds.
The Winter's paſt, with ſtormy Snow and Rain,
And long 'twil be e'er ſuch things come again;
Nought now ſave joy and ſweet delights appear,
Whilſt doth abide the Spring-time of the year.

Thus 'tis with me who am now in my prime,
In merriment and joy I ſpend my time:
And, like as Birds do in the lovely Spring,
I ſo rejoyce with my Conſorts and Sing,
And ſpend my days in ſweet paſtime and mirth,
And nought ſhall grieve or trouble me on Earth;
I am reſolv'd to ſearch the world about,
But I will ſuck the ſweetneſs of it out.
No ſtone I'le leave unturn'd, that I may find
Content and joy unto my craving mind:
No ſorrow ſhall, whilſt I do live, come near me,
Nor ſhall the Preacher with his Fancies fear me:
At Cards & Dice, and ſuch brave Games I'le play,
And like a Courtier deck my ſelf moſt gay,
With Periwig, and Muff, and ſuch fine things,
With Sword and Belt, Goloſhoos, and gold-Rings:
Where Bulls & Bears they bait, and Cocks do fight
I do reſort with ſpeed, There's my delight.
To drink, and ſport amongſt the jovial crew,
I do reſolve, what ever doth enſue;
And court fair Ladies that I alſo love;
And of all things do very well approve:
Which tend my ſenſual part to ſatisfie,
From whence comes all my choice felicity.

What

What e're mine Ears do hear, and Eyes behold,
Or Heart deſire, if ſo that all my Gold
And Silver can for me thoſe things procure,
I'le ſpare no coſt nor pains you may be ſure.
Thus is my Life made very ſweet to me,
Whilſt others hurri'd are in miſerie,
Whoſe minds with ſtrange conceits troubled remain
Thinking by loſing all, that way to gain.
Such Ridles I can't learn, I muſt them leave,
What's ſeen and felt, I am reſolv'd to have;
Let ev'ry man his mind and fancy fill,
My Luſt I'le ſatisfie, and have my Will.
Who dares controul me in my preſent way,
Or vex my mind i'th' leaſt, or me gain-ſay?
What ſtate of life can equal this of mine?
Youths galantry ſo bravely here doth ſhine.

Conſcience.

Controul you, Sir! in truth and that dare I,
For your contempt of my Authority.
You tread on me without the leaſt regard,
As if I worthy was not to be heard;
You ſtrive to ſtifle me, and therefore I
Am forc'd aloud *Murder* with ſpeed to cry:
I can't forbear but muſt cry out amain,
Such is the wrong which from you I ſuſtain.

Youth.

What are you, Sir, you dare to be ſo bold?
I ſcorn by any he, to be controul'd.
E're I have done with you, I'le make you know,
You ſhall your Power and Commiſſion ſhow.

Conſcience.

Be not ſo hot, and you ſhall know my Name,
And alſo know from whence my Power came.
I'am no Uſurper, yet I do Command
You for to ſtop and make a preſent ſtand.
Your Pleaſures you muſt leave and Vitious life,
Elſe there will grow a very bitter ſtrife
'Tween you and I, as will appear anon,
If from theſe Courſes you don't quickly turn.
For all your courage which you ſeem to take,
The news I bring is enough to make you quake.

Youth.

Who e're thou art, I'le make you by and by,
Confeſs you have accus'd me wrongfully.
From Murder I am cleer in thought and deed,
Thus to be charg'd, doth cauſe my heart to bleed.

Pray let me crave your Name if you are free,
If you provoke me, worſe 'twill quickly be;
You ſeek occaſion, and are quarrelſome,
And therefore 'tis I do ſuppoſe you'r come.
But if your Name you don't declare to me,
I am reſolv'd to be reveng'd on thee.

Conſcience.

What violence (alas!) can you do more,
Than that which you have done to me before?
Forbear your threats, be ſtill and hold your hand,
And quickly you ſhall know and underſtand,
My Name, my Power, and place of Reſidence,
Which may to you prove of great conſequence.
I am a Servant to a Mighty King,
Who Rules and Reigns and Governs every thing;
Who keeps one Court above, and here be-low
Another he doth keep, as you ſhall know.
O're this inferiour Court placed am I,
To Act and do as his great Deputy.
I truly Judge according to my Light,
Yea, and impartially do each man right.
Thoſe I condemn who vile and guilty are,
And juſtifie the Holy and Sincere.
I order'd am to watch continually
O're all your Actions with a wary eye;
And I have found how you here of late time,
Committed have many a horrid Crime

Of Murder, Treaſon, and like Villany
Againſt the Crown and glorious Dignity
Of that great Prince from whence you have your breath,
Who's King & Ruler over all the Earth.
I am his Judge, Attourney-General,
And have Commiſſion alſo you to call
Unto the Bar, and make you to confeſs
Your horrid crimes, and fearful guiltineſs.
A black Indictment I have drawn in truth,
Againſt thy ſelf thou miſerable Youth;
Thy Pride I ſhall abate, thy Pleaſures mar,
And bring thee to confeſs with tears at Bar,
Thy Sports and Games and youthful Luſt to be,
Nought elſe but Sin and curſed Vanity.
And for to put thee alſo out of doubt,
My Name is *Conſcience*, which you bear about,
No other than th' accuſing faculty,
Of that dear Soul which in thy Breſt doth lie:
I by that Rule mens thoughts and ways compare,
By which their inward parts enlightn'd are;
And as they do accord, or diſagree,
I do Accuſe or Cleer immediatelie.
According to your Light you do not live,
But violate that Rule which God doth give
To you, to ſquare your life and actions by,
From hence comes in your wo and miſery.

Youth.

Conſcience art thou! why did'ſt not ſpeak e're now?
To mind what thou doſt ſay I can't tell how.
Thou melancholly fancy, fly from me,
My Pleaſures I'le not leave in ſpite of thee.
Other brave Gueſts, you ſee, to me are come,
And in my houſe for thee there is no Room.
Doſt think I will be check'd by ſilly thought,
And into ſnares my fooliſh fancy brought?
Is't you which cry out *Murder*, only you?
A Fig (alas!) for all that you can do.
For though againſt me you do Prate and Preach,
Your very neck I am reſolv'd to ſtretch.
I'le ſwear, carrouſe, and whore, ſay what you will,
Till I have ſtifled you, and made you ſtill.
I'le clip your wings, and make you ſee at length,
I do know how to ſpoil you of your ſtrength.
When you do ſpeak, I will not lend an ear:
I'le make (in truth) as if I did not hear.
If you ſpeak loud when I am all alone.
I will riſe up, and ſtraightway will be gone
To the brave Boys, who toſs the Pot about,
And that's the way to wear your patience out.
I'le go to Plays, and Games, and Dancings too,
And e're a while I ſhall be rid of you.

Conſcience.

Thou ſtubborn fooliſh youth, be not ſo raſh,
Leſt ere you be aware you feel my laſh.
I have a ſting, a whip, yea and can bite,
Before you ſhall o'recome, I'le ſtoutly fight:
I'le gripe you ſore, and make you howl anon,
If you reſolve in ſin ſtill to go on.
I have o'recome ſtrong hearts and made them yield,
And ſo ſhall you before I quit the field.
Go where you will, be ſure I'le ſoon come after,
And into ſorrow will I turn your laughter.
'Twill prove hard work for you to ſhake me off,
Though you at me do ſeem to jear and ſcoff,
As if o're you I had no Juriſdiction,
Or was a Dream, a Fancy, or ſome Fiction:
For all your Wrath, I muſt you yet diſturb;
Though you offended are, I can't but curb
And ſnib you daily, as I oft have done,
Till you repent and from lewd courſes turn:
For, till the Cauſe be taken quite away,
Th' Effect will follow what ere you do or ſay:
Unleſs your Light wholly extinguiſh'd be,
If ſin remains, diſturbance you will ſee.
Therefore I do beſeech you ſoberly,
For to ſubject to my Authority;
Obey my voice, I prithee make a trial,
Before you give another flat denial.
If more ſweet comfort I don't yield to you,
Than all which doth from ſinful actions flow.

Then

Then me reject: but otherwiſe, my Friend,
My Checks receive, and to my Motions bend.
Get peace within whatever thou doſt do,
And let vain Pleaſures and Corruptions go;
That will be better for thy Soul at laſt,
Than Gold or Silver, or what elſe thou haſt.
And ſince we are alone, let thee and I
More Mildly talk about Supremacy.
Is't beſt for you that Pride and Folly reign,
Which nought doth bring ſave ſorrow ſhame and pain,
And Conſcience to reject, who perfectlie
From guilt and bondage ſtrives to ſet you free?
Have not theſe Luſts by which thou now art led,
Brought many men unto a peice of bread?
What brave Eſtates have ſome conſum'd thereby,
And now are forc'd in Barns on Straw to lye?
How has the Wife been ruin'd with the Child,
Beſides poor Conſcience grievouſly turmoyl'd?
Nay, once again, give ear, I prithee hark;
Haut many a brave and curious Spark
Been brought in ſtinking Priſons there to lye,
For yielding to their Luſt and Vanity?
How many ſwing at *Tyburn* every year,
For ſtabbing Conſcience without care or fear?
And ſome alſo out of their Wits do run,
And by that means are utterly undone:
Sometimes men ſtifle me, I cannot ſpeak,
And then they ſport and play and merry make,
Reſolving that I ſhall not gripe them more;
But quickly then a freſh I make them roar.

Some of them I do drive into deſpair,
When in their face I do begin to ſtare;
No reſt nor peace at all their Souls can find,
I ſo diſturb and ſtill perplex their mind.
What ſay you now, young-man, will you ſubmit?
Weigh well the danger and the benefit.
The danger on the one hand will be great,
If me you do oppoſe and ill intreat.
Sweet profit comes, you ſee, on th' other hand,
To ſuch who ſubject are to my Command.
What doſt thou ſay, Shall I embraced be?
Or, wilt thou follow ſtill thy Vanitie?

Youth.

Was ever young-man thus perplex'd as I,
Who flouriſhed in ſweet proſperity?
Where e're I go, *Conſcience* dogs me about,
No quiet I can have in doors nor out.
Conſcience, what is the cauſe you make ſuch ſtrife,
I can't injoy the comforts of my life?
I am ſo grip'd and pinch'd in my breſt,
I know not where to go, nor where to reſt.

Conſcience.

'Cauſe you have wronged and offended me,
Loving vain Pleaſures and Iniquitie.
The Light you have, you walk not up unto,
You know 'tis evil which you daily do.
My witneſs I muſt bear continually
For the great God, whoſe glorious Majeſty

Did

Did in thy Soul give me ſo high a place,
As for to ſtop you in your ſinful race;
I muſt reprove, accuſe, and you condemn,
Whilſt you by ſin his Sov'raignty contemn:
I can't betray my truſt, nor hold my peace,
Till I am ſtabbed, ſear'd, or Light doth ceaſe;
Till you your life amend, and ſins forſake,
I ſhall purſue you, though your heart doth ake.

Youth.

How bold and malipert is *Conſcience* grown;
Though I upon this Fellow daily frown
And his Advice reject, yet ſtill doth he
Knock at my door, as if he'd weary me.
Conſcience I'le have you know in truth that I
A Perſon am of ſome Authority
Are you ſo ſaucy as to curb and chide
Such a brave Spark, who can't your ways a bide?
Tis much below my Birth and Parentage,
As it agrees not with my Preſent Age;
For to give Place to you, or to regard
Thoſe things from you I have ſo often heard

Conſcience.

Alas, Proud fleſh, doſt think they ſelf too high
To be ſubject to ſuch a one as I?
Thy betters I continually gain-ſay,
If they my Motions don't with care obey.
My Power's great, and my Commiſſion large,
There's ſcarce a man but I with Folly charge.

Did The

The King and Peaſant are alike to me,
I favour none of high or low degree:
If they offend, I in their faces fly,
Without regard or fear of ſtanders-by.

Youth.

Speak not another word, don't you perceive
There's ſcarce a Man or Woman will believe
What you do ſay, you're grown ſo out of date,
Be ſilent then and longer do not prate.
I'th' Country your credit is but ſmall,
There's few cares for your company at all:
The Husband-man the Land-mark can't remove,
But you ſtraightway him bitterly reprove;
Nor Plow a little of his Neighbors Land,
But you command him preſently to ſtand.
There's not a man can go i'th' leaſt awry,
But out againſt him fiercely you do fly.
The People therefore now ſo weary are,
They've thruſt you out almoſt of ev'ry Shire;
And in the City you ſo hated be,
There's very few do care a ruſh for thee:
For if they ſhould believe what you do ſay,
Their Pride and Bravery would ſoon decay;
Their ſwearing, cheating, and their drunkenneſs
Would vaniſh quite away, or grow much leſs.
Our craft of Profit, and our pleaſure too
Would ſoon go down and ruin'd be by you.
The Whores and Bawds, with the Play-houſes the
Would be contemned by all ſorts of men.

You ſtrive to ſpoil us of our ſweet delight,
Our Pleaſures you oppoſe with all your might.
The Fabrick of our Joy you would pull down,
And make our Youth juſt like a Country Clown.
We half Phanaticks ſhould be made ('tis clear)
If unto thee we once inclined were.
But this amongſt the reſt doth chear my heart,
There's very few in *London* take thy part.
Here and there one, which we nick-names do give,
Who hated are, and judg'd not fit to live.
'Tis out of faſhion grown, I daily ſee
Conſcience for to regard i'th' leaſt degree.
He that can't whore and ſwear without controul,
We do account to be a timerous Fool.
Therefore though you ſo deſperately do fall
Upon poor me, yet I do hope I ſhall
Get looſe from you, and then I'le tear the ground,
And in all joy and pleaſure will abound.

Conſcience.

Ah! poor deceived Soul! doſt thou not know,
That moſt of all mankind i'th' broad-way go?
What though they do moſt wickedly abuſe me?
Wilt thou alſo in the like manner uſe me?
What though they will of me no warning take,
'Till they drop down into the *Stygian* Lake?
Wilt thou be-friend the curſed Serpent ſo,
As to go on till comes thy overthrow?
What though I am in no requeſt by them?
Don't they likewiſe Gods holy Word contemn?

Don't they the Goſpel caſt quite out of ſight,
Leſt from their Pleaſures it ſhould them affright!
What though my friends are toſt about and hurl'd
Their inward peace is more than all the World
Can give to them, or from them take away,
Whilſt they with diligence do me obey;
As I enlightned am by God's Precepts,
Which is a guide, and Lanthorn to my ſteps.
O come proud heart, and longer don't contend,
But leave thy Luſt, and to my Scepter bend:
For I'le not leave thee, but with all my pow'r
I'le follow thee unto thy dying hour.

Youth.

Into ſome private place then I will fly,
Where I may hide my ſelf, and ſecretly
There I'le enjoy my ſelf in ſpite of thee,
And thou ſhalt not i'th' leaſt know where I be.

Conſcience.

Nay, fooliſh Youth, how can that thing be done
From *Conſcience* it is in vain to run.
No ſecret place can you find out or ſpy
To hide your ſelf from me, ſuch is mine eye,
I ſee i'th' Dark as well as in the Light,
No doors nor walls will keep thee from my ſight
Where e're thou art or go'ſt, am I not near,
Thy Soul with horrid guilt to ſcar and fear?
Could *Cain* or *Judas* get out of my reach,
When once between us there was the like breach

[

Did I not follow them unto the end,
And made them know what 'twas for to offend
My Glorious Prince, and me his true Viceroy,
Vengeance doth follow them who US annoy.
My Counſel then I prithee take with ſpeed,
For that's the way alone for to be freed
From Vengeance here, and Wrath alſo to come
When thou doſt die, and at the day of Doom.

Youth.

What! can't I fly from thee, nor the ſubdue?
Then I intreat thee, *Conſcience*, don't purſue
Nor follow me ſo cloſe, forbear a while,
Don't yet my beauty, nor my Pleaſures ſpoil.
This is my Spring and Flower of my Age,
Oh! pity me, and ſtill thy bitter rage:
Don't crop the tender bud, it is too green;
Oh! let me have thoſe days others have ſeen.
Forbear thy hand, till my wild Oats are ſown;
They muſt be ripe alſo before they'r mown.
Thou haſt forborn with ſome for a long time:
That which I ask of thee is but the prime
Of thoſe good days which God beſtows on me,
Oh! that it might but once obtained be!
'Tis time enough for to adhere to thee,
After I've ſpent my time in Gallantrie,
In earths ſweet joys, & ſuch tranſcendent pleaſures
Which young-men do eſteem the chiefeſt treaſures.

Conſci-

Conſcience.

After all violence and outrage great
Done to poor *Conſcience*, you begin to treat;
Thinking for to prevail by flattery,
But that in truth I utterly defy,
'Tis quite againſt my nature; you muſt know
Unto vile Luſt fond pity for to ſhow;
God has not given ſuch ſuch a diſpenſation
For me to wink at your abomination:
If God doth once but blow your Candle out,
I ſhall be quiet then you need not doubt;
(But wo to you as ever you were born,
If God doth once his Light to Darkneſs turn.)
But while in you remains that legal Light,
Your ſins I can't endure in my ſight.
No liberty God, I am ſure, will give
To any one in horrid ſin to live;
Nor will he give allowance for a day:
'Tis very dangerous for to delay
The work of thy Repentance for an hour.
What thy hand finds to do, do with thy pow'r.
If me you don't believe, I prithee, Youth,
For to reſolve thy ſelf, go to Gods Truth.

Youth.

Well! ſince that you no comfort do afford,
I will enquire of God's moſt Holy Word:
So far I will your Counſel take, for I
Am ſorely troubled, whither ſhall I fly?

I will

I will make tryal, I reſolve to ſee,
Whether the *Truth* and *Conſcience* do agree.
The lip of *Truth* can't lye, though *Conſcience* may:
When that miſguided is, it leads aſtray.
If *Truth* and *Conſcience* ſpeak the ſelf-ſame thing,
'Twill ſome amazement to my Spirit bring.
That now I ask for, and earneſtly crave,
Is ſome ſhort time in ſin longer to have.
Conſcience denies it me: *Truth*, what ſay you?
Oh! that you would a little favour ſhew
To a poor Lad, alas! I am but young,
Like to a Flower which is lately ſprung
Out of the ground, and *Conſcience* day and night,
Strives for to tread me down with all his might:
Or, as the Froſt the tender bud doth ſpoil;
So has he ſtriven to do a great while.
Muſt I reform, and all my ſins forſake?
Some fitter ſeaſon then O let me take.
For all things there's a time under the Sun,
And when I older am, I will return.

Truth.

Nay, hold, vain *Youth*, you are miſtaken now,
No time to ſin God doth to thee allow.
If I may ſpeak, attend, and you ſhall hear,
I with poor *Conſcience* muſt my witneſs bear,
I am his guide, his rule, 'tis by my Light
He acts and dos, and ſpeaks the thing that's right.
You are undone, if you don't ſpeedily
Leave all your ſins, and curſed vanity.

I wil

Art thou too young thy evil wayes to leave
And yet haſt thou a precious Soul to ſave?
Art thou too young to leave iniquity,
When old enough in Hell for ſin to ly?
Some fitter ſeaſon (Youth) doſt think to find?
The Devil doth dart that into thy mind.
No time ſo fit as when the Lord doth call:
Thoſe who rebellious are, they one day ſhall
Smart bitterly for their moſt horrid evil
In yielding to, and ſiding with the Devil.
But once again, I prithee heark to me;
Don't God, whilſt thou art young, call unto thee?
Remember thy Creator therefore now,
And unto him with ſpeed ſee you do bow.
The firſt ripe Fruit of old, God did deſire:
And ſo of thee likewiſe he doth require,
That thou to him a Sacrifice ſhouldſt give
Of thy beſt days, and learn betimes to live
Unto the Praiſe of his moſt Holy Name,
And not by Sin ſo to prophane the ſame.
This is (Young-man) alſo thy chooſing time,
Whilſt thou therefore doſt flouriſh in thy prime,
Place thou thy heart upon the Lord above,
And with Chriſt Jeſus alſo fall in love.
Did not *Jehovah* give to thee thy breath,
And alſo place thee here upon the Earth,
And many precious Bleſſings give to thee,
That thou to him alone ſhouldſt ſubject be?
God out of Bowels ſent his precious Son,
Thy Soul from evil ways with ſpeed to turn;

Who for thy ſake was nailed to the Tree,
To free thy Soul from Hell and miſerie.
And whilſt in ſin (vile wretch) thou doſt remain,
Thou doſt as 'twere him Crucifie again:
Thy ſins alſo (O young-man God doth hate
His Soul doth loath and them abominate.
Nought is more odious in his bleſſed ſight,
Than thoſe baſe luſts in which thou tak'ſt delight.
And wilt thou not, Oh young-man! be deterr'd
From thy vain ways? what, is thy heart ſo hard!
Shall nothing move thy Soul for to repent,
Nor work Convictions in thee to relent?
Give ear to *Truth*, Truth never ſpoke a lie,
And fly from ſin and youthful Vanity.
Thoſe that do ſeek God's Kingdom firſt of all,
And do obey God's ſweet and gracious Call,
They ſhall find Chriſt, and ly too in his breſt,
And reap the comfort of Internal reſt.
But if thou ſhould'ſt this golden time neglect,
And all good motions utterly reject,
And ſlight the day of this thy Viſitation;
That will to God be ſuch a Provocation,
That he'l not wait upon thee any more,
Nor never knock hereafter at thy door.
Whilſt tearms of peace God doth therefore afford
Subject to him, leſt he doth draw his Sword.
If once to anger him you do provoke,
He'l break your bones, and wound you with his ſtroke:
Who can before his indignation ſtand,
Or, bear the weight of his revengeful hand?

How dareſt thou a War with him maintain,
And ſay o're thee Chriſt Jeſus ſhall not Reign.
Wilt thou combine with his vile Enemy,
And yet preſume on his ſweet clemency?
Wilt thou, vile Traytor like, contrive the death
Of that great King, from whom thou haſt th
Wilt thou caſt dirt upon the Holy One, (breath
And keep Chriſt Jeſus from his rightly Throne
Is't not his Right thy Conſcience for to ſway?
Ought he not there to Reign, and thou Obey?
Dar'ſt thou reſiſt his dread and Soveraign Pow'
Yea, or hold parley with him for an hour,
To gratifie the Devil, who thereby
Renews his ſtrength, yea and doth fortifie
Himſelf in thee, and makes his Kingdom ſtron
By tempting thee to ſin whilſt thou art young!
The Blackamoor as ſoon may change his skin,
As thou mayſt leave and turn away from ſin,
When once a habit and a cuſtome's tak'n,
Then ſinful ways are hard to be forſak'n.
Dar'ſt thou, vile wretch, Chriſt's Government o
And with the Devil and corruption cloſe? (po
Hadſt rather that the Devil reign o're thee,
Than unto God Almighty ſubject be?
Which will be beſt, doſt think for th e i'th' end
The Lord to pleaſe, and Satan to offend?
Or Satan for to pleaſe, and ſo thereby
Declare thy ſelf *JEHOVAH'S* Enemy?
For thoſe who live in ſin, 'tis very clear,
They Enemies to *GOD* and *JESUS* are.

A

And wilt thou yield unto the Devil ſtill,
And greedily alſo his will fulfil?
Doſt think, *vain youth*, he'l prove to thee a freind,
That thou doſt ſo his curſed waies commend?
Has Sin, which is his odious excrement,
So ſweet a ſmell, yea and a fragrant ſcent?
Shall that which is the ſuperfluity
Of naughtineſs, be precious in thine eye?
And doſt thou value Chriſt and all he hath,
Not worth vain pleaſures here upon the Earth
Shall he eſteemed be by thee (vile duſt!)
Not worth the pleaſures of a curſed Luſt?
Is there more good in ſinful Vanity,
Than is in all the glorious Trinity?
That which men think is beſt, that will they chuſe
Things of ſmall vallue 'tis they do refuſe.
What thoughts haſt thou of Chriſt then, ſinful Soul,
That thou his Meſſengers doſt thus controul
And doſt to him alſo turn a deaf ear,
His knocks, his calls, and wooings wilt not hear;
Nor him regard, though he ſtands at thy door
With Myrrh and Frankinſcenſe, yea and all ſtore
Of rare Fruit, and chief Spice, as *Cinnamon*,
Aloes, *Spikenard*, *Camphire* and *Saffron*;
All precious things (poor Soul!) of Heaven above
He has with him, yet nothing will thee move
To ope the door: for all his calls and knocks,
Thou let's him ſtand until his precious locks
Are wet with dew and drops of the long night.
Thus thou doſt him deſpiſe, reject and ſlight,

And rather keep'ſt thy Luſt and Pleaſure ſtill,
Than that Chriſt ſhould thy Soul with heaven fill.
Though he ten thouſand Worlds doth yet excel,
And makes that heart where he in truth doth dwel
To be a Heaven here upon the Earth,
Filling the Soul with precious joy and mirth;
Which makes gray-headed Winter like a Spring,
And Youths like to Cœleſtial Angels ſing;
The Soul he doth ſo greatly elevate,
That it diſdains and doth abominate
All ſenſual pleaſures in compariſon
Of Jeſus Chriſt his dear and only One.
Let me perſwade thee for to taſte and try
How good Chriſt is, for then aſſuredly
Thou wilt admire him, yea and praiſe the Lord
That ever he did to thy Soul afford
Such a dear Saviour, and ſuch good Advice
To lead thy Soul into ſweet Paradice.
For none do know the nature of that peace,
That inward joy the which ſhall never ceaſe,
But he himſelf who doth the ſame poſſeſs,
Oh! taſte and ſee, for then you will confeſs
No Pen can it expreſs, no Tongue declare,
It's Nature's ſuch (Oh young-man!) 'tis ſo rare.
Chriſt is the *Summum bonum*, it is He
In whom alone is true felicitie.
Such is the nature of man's panting breſt,
There's nought on earth can give him perfect reſt
'Tis not in Honour, that is vanity:
For ſuch, like Beaſt's, and other Mortals, die.

King

Kingdoms and Crowns they tottering do ſtand,
The Servant may the Maſter ſoon Command.
Belſhazzar, who upon the Throne did ſit,
His knees againſt each other ſoon did hit.
How was he ſcar'd when the hand-writing came.
And wrote upon the Wall, ev'n the ſame
That afterwards befel, his End being come.
Then ſtraitway followed his final Doom.
Great men oft-times are filled with great fear,
Being perplext they know not how to ſtear.
Tall Cedars fall, when little ſhrubs abide, (tide.
Though winds do blow, and ſtrangely turn the
For man in Honour lives but a ſhort ſpace,
He dies like to the Beaſts, ſo ends his race.
Where's *Nimrod* now, that mighty Man of old,
And where's the Glory of the Head of Gold?
Great Monarchs now are moulder'd quite away,
Who did on Earth the golden Scepter ſway,
In higheſt place of Humane Government;
None ever found therein ſolid content.
Of *Alexander* 'tis declar'd by ſome,
How he ſate down when he had overcome
The Eaſtern-World, and did weep very ſore,
Becauſe there was one World, and was no more
For him to Conquer. Thus alſo 'tis ſtill,
This World's not big enough man's ſoul to fill.
Riches and Wealth alſo can't ſatisfie
That precious Soul which in thy breſt doth lie.
If ſtore of Gold and Silver thou ſhould'ſt gain,
'Twould but increaſe thy ſorrow, grief and pain.

Riches, O young man, they are empty things,
And fly moſt ſwift away with Eagles wings. (row
When riches thou doſt heap, thou heap'ſt up ſor-
They're thine to day, alas! but gone to morrow.
Fires may come and all thy treaſures burn,
Or Thieves ſteal it, as they have often done.
He that has thouſands by the year, this night
May be as poor as *Job* before 'tis light.
And as for Pleaſure which thy Age doth prize,
Why ſhould that ſeem ſo lovely in thine eyes?
'Tis but a moment they with thee will laſt;
And ſadneſs comes alſo when they are paſt.
The Bruit his pleaſures hath as well as thee,
Man's chiefeſt good therefore can't pleaſures b
And whilſt thou ſtriv'ſt thy evil Luſt to pleaſe
Thy raging conſcience (youth) who ſhall appeaſe
With this ſweet meat I tell thee alſo Friend,
Thou ſhalt have ſour ſawce beſure i'th'end.
And as for Beauty, that alſo is vain,
Unleſs thou can'ſt the inward Beauty gain.
What's outward Beauty ſave an evil ſnare,
By which vain ones oft-times deceived are:
And on a ſudden draw into temptation,
For to commit moſt vile abomination.
That Beauty which mans carnal heart doth priz
Renders not lovely in *Jehovah*'s eyes:
Though deck'd with jewels, rings, & brave attir
The glorious King their Beauty don't deſire;
His heart's not taken with't, but contrar'wiſe
The Beauty of vain ones he doth deſpiſe.

Thou

Though very fair, yet if defil'd with ſin,
They like unto Sepulchres are within;
Loathſome and vile i'th' ſight of God are they,
And ſoon their ſeeming Beauty will decay.
It fades and withers, and away doth paſs,
Juſt like unto the flower of the graſs.
The curled Locks, yea and the ſpotted Face,
God e're a while will bring into diſgrace.
Thoſe Ladies which excel all others do,
Muſt feed the worms within a day or two,
Death & the grave will ſpoil their beauty quite,
And none in them ſhall never more delight.
As for thy Age in youthful daies we ſee,
Youth minds nought elſe ſave curſed vanity.
Soon may thy Spring alſo meet with a blaſt,
And all thy glory not an hour laſt.
The flower in the Spring which is ſo gay,
Soon doth it fade and wither quite away.
Nothing on earth can'ſt thou find out or ſpy,
That will content thee long, or ſatisfie
That ſoul of thine, if ſtill you ſearch about
Till you do find the rareſt Science out.
For if on Learning once you place your mind,
Much vanity in that alſo you'l find.
For Humane Knowledge and Philoſophy,
Can't bring thy ſoul into ſweet Unity
With God above, and Jeſus Chriſt his Son,
In whom, poor youth, is happineſs alone.
Dote not on Honour then, nor yet Treaſure,
Nor Beauty, Learning, Youth, nor Pleaſue;

All is but Vanity that's here below,
Truth and Experience both the ſame do ſhow,
Come, look to Heav'n, ſeek thou for higher joys
Let Swine take Husks,& Fools theſe empty toyes
Come taſte of Chriſt, poor Soul, and then you will
Of joys Cœleſtial receive your fill.
If thou doſt drink but of the Cryſtial Springs,
Theſe outward joys thou't ſee are ſtriking things
If Heavens ſweetneſs once thou hadſt but caught
Thou wouldſt account Earth's beſt enjoyments
Honor & riches too Chriſt has great ſtore,(naught
And at's *Right hand pleaſures for evermore.*
Doſt think that he who makes man's life ſo ſweet
Whilſt he with grievous troubles here doth meet
And in believing hath ſuch ſweetneſs placed,
Though his own Image greatly is defaced,
Can't give to him much greater Conſolation,
When all the ſowr's vaniſht of temptation.
If with the bitter, Saints ſuch ſweetneſs gain,
What ſhall they have when they in Glory reign

Youth.

Be ſilent *Truth*, leave off, for I can't bear
Your whyning ſtrains, nor will I longer hear
Such melancholy whymſies, they'r ſuch ſtuff
Which ſuits not with my Age, I have enough
Of it already, and alſo of you,
Sith ye my Intreſts ſtrive to overthrow.
When I Appeal'd to you, I was perplext,
And with ſad melancholly ſorely vext:

But ſince I do perceive the Storm is o're,
You I don't think to trouble any more.
Long-winded-Sermons, Sir, I do not love,
Nor of your Doctrine in the leaſt approve.
No liberty to me I ſee you'l give,
In ſweet delights and pleaſures for to live.
I don't intend Phanatick yet to turn,
Nor after ſuch diſtracted People run.
An eaſier way to Heaven I do know,
And therefore, Sir, Farewel, farewel to you.
My Pride, my Sports, and my old Company
I will enjoy, and all my bravery
I will hold faſt, yea, and alſo fulfil
My fleſhly mind, ſay Preachers what they will.

Conſcience.

Ah Youth, ah Youth, is't ſo in very deed!
Wilt thou no more unto God's truth give heed.
'Twas but my mouth to ſtop, I now do find
That unto Truth you ſeemingly inclin'd.
But this, Oh Soul, I muſt aſſure to thee,
What thou haſt heard, has much enlightned me.
And my Commiſſion too it doth renew,
As will appear by what doth next enſue:
Have you from God been called thus upon,
And ſhall your heart be hearden'd like a ſtone.
You can't plead ignorance, Oh Youth, 'tis ſo,
You plainly now have heard what you ſhould do.
Your ſin will be with grievous Aggravation,
If quickly you don't make a Recantation.

Your ſin will now be of a ſcarlet-dye,
And many ſtripes prepared I eſpy,
With which you muſt be beat, becauſe that you
Your Maſter's Will ſo perfectly do know.
But for to do the ſame you ſtill refuſe,
And your poor Conſcience wickedly abuſe,
You'l ſhew your ſelf a curſed Rebel now,
If unto Chriſt with ſpeed you do not bow.
Wilt thou thy ſins retain, when thou doſt hear
How much againſt the Living God they are,
Wilt thou caſt dirt into his bleſſed face,
Oh! tremble Soul, and dread thy preſent caſe.

Youth.

Now my good daies, I ſee, they will be gone,
My inward thoughts will ne're let me alone.
Ah! that I could but ſin without controul,
And Conſcience would no more diſturb my ſoul
His bitter gripes much longer I can't bear;
He's grown ſo ſtrong, that little hope is there;
But he'l prevail; ſuch conflicts do I feel,
My Courage now and Reſolutions reel;
But yet I am reſolv'd once more to try,
And ſtruggle will to get the maſtery.
I cowardly will not acquit the Field,
Nor at the ſecond ſummons will I yield:
I'll make once more another ſtout aſſay,
E're unto Conſcience I will yield the day:
Ah! how can I my ſweet delights forſake,
Without reſiſtance to the laſt I make?

Con

Conſcience, although I ſinful am, I ſee
There's many thouſand ſinners worſe than me:
There's none can live and from all ſin be clear,
That I from *Truth* did very lately hear.
My heart is good, though it is true, that I
Am o're-come through humane infirmity.

Conſcience.

O curſed wretch! dar'ſt thou thy heart commend?
Come tremble Soul, and it to pieces rend.
Don't I moſt clearly in thy heart behold
Moſt horrid luſt, 'twould ſhame thee were it told?
All rottenneſs and filth I do eſpy
In that baſe heart of thine, to lurk and lie.
There thou doſt breed Vipers and Cockatrice;
The ſpawn of every Sin and evil Vice.
Like a Sepulchre, Soul, thou art within,
Nought's there but ſtink and putrifying ſin.
Out from thy heart all evil doth aſcend,
And yet wilt thou thy filthy heart commend?
And doſt thou think thy ſtate good for to be,
'Cauſe thou doſt find many as bad as thee?
You are ſo nought, if you from ſin don't turn,
You muſt for ſin in Hell for ever burn.
Except ye do repent, *Truth* tells you plain,
You periſh muſt, and fry in bitter pain.

Youth.

Well, ſay no more, if this be ſo, I muſt
Go unto *Truth* again, or I ſhall burſt;

My heart will break I clearly do diſcern,
I therefore now muſt yield, and alſo learn
What's my Eſtate, my Nature, Oh! that i'd know
Come, *Truth*, I pray will you this favour ſhow,
As to explain this thing to me more clear,
For *Conſcience* doth my Soul with horrour ſcare.
Is he i'th' right, Oh *Truth*! or is he wrong?
I find Convictions in me very ſtrong.
What is my ſtate? declare it unto me,
And ſet alſo my ſoul at liberty.

Truth.

What *Conſcience* ſpeaks, O young-man, it is right
And vain it is with him longer to fight:
Conſcience againſt thee doth his Witneſs bear,
And dreadful danger alſo doth declare.
Thoſe he condemns by Light receiv'd from me,
Th'Eternal God condemns aſſuredlie.
And God is greater than thy Heart, Oh Soul!
Who can enough thy grievous ſtate condole?
If *Conſcience* doth its Teſtimony give,
That you in ſin and curſed waies do live,
And that thou art an unconverted wretch:
If 'tis from hence, between you there's a breach
If this be ſo, as it you can't deny,
What would you do if you this night ſhould dy
If in this ſtate this life you do depart,
Undone for evermore, Young-man thou art,
As ſure as is the mighty God in Heaven,
Againſt thy Soul the Sentence will be given.

Con

Conſcience his Power did from God receive;
And if you don't obey and him believe,
But do reject his Motions, 'tis all one
As if Chriſt Jeſus you did tread upon:
Whilſt he doth Rule by Laws that are Divine,
'Tis Treaſon him to ſtab or undermine.
And once again to ſhew thee thy eſtate,
Thou being, Young-man, not regenerate.
No God nor Chriſt have you, 'tis even ſo,
And this indeeds the ſum of all your wo.
In God no Intereſt (Youth) haſt thou at all,
He's quite departed ever ſince the Fall.
And is become thy dreadful Enemy,
His angry face is ſet moſt veh'mently,
Againſt thy Soul, and that's a fearful thing,
Enough thy Pride with Vengeance down to bring
Each Attribute againſt thy Soul is ſet,
And all of them alſo together met;
To make thee every way moſt miſerable,
Which wrath for to withſtand, what man is able?
He'l ſuddenly thy Soul to peices tear,
And his eternal Vengeance make thee bear:
His wrath it will upon thy Soul remain,
'Till you by Faith are truly born again.

Youth.

This Doctrine which to me you do declare,
It 'tis enough to drive one to deſpair;
If it be ſo, I grant I am undone,
But God is gracious and has ſent his Son:

He's

He's full of bowels, therefore hope do I,
He'l not on me his Juſtice magnifie.

Truth.

'Tis true God's gracious, yet he will not cle
Thoſe guilty Souls who don't his Juſtice fear:
He's very gracious, yet he's full of ire,
And is to ſuch like a conſuming fire.
He ſent his Son, 'tis true, for Souls to dy,
But many miſs and falſely do apply
His precious blood; therefore my Counſel tak
Don't you too ſoon an Application make
Of Gods ſweet Grace, nor yet of Chriſt's de
Until by you the Goſpel's underſtood. (Bloo
Thoſe who are whole need no Phyſician have,
The ſick and wounded Soul Chriſt came to ſave
What doſt thou judg thy preſent ſtate to be,
How dos it ſtand, and is it now with thee?

Youth.

I am a Sinner, and my heart doth bleed,
My ſin-ſick-Soul doth a ſweet Saviour need,
My Conſcience tells that I am moſt vile,
And grievouſly for ſin doth me turmoile.

Truth.

No Saviour you can have unleſs you do,
Reſove to leave your ſins, and let them go:
Nor for your Wounds is there a help be ſure,
Till Cauſes be removed which do procure,

A

And bring on you that pain and bitter ſmart
Which you cry out of in your inward part.

Youth.

My trembling Soul's amaz'd and fill'd with fear,
Another way, Oh *Truth!* I now will ſtear;
I muſt forſake all evil ways, for I
Do ſee the danger and the miſery
Which doth attend the way that I am in,
Whilſt I do keep and hug my curſed Sin.
There's ſcarce a night which paſſeth o're my head,
But dread I do the making of my Bed;
(E're Morning comes) in the ſad depths of Hell.
My Conſcience therefore now does me compel,
To bid adieu to all ſweet joy and pleaſure,
And unto all unlawful gain and treaſure.
In ſports and games I'le take no more delight,
But contrariwiſe I'le pray both day and night.
Conſcience has overcome me with his gripes,
Truth follows him ſo with his threatn'd ſtripes.
The Wall's broke down, the old-man runs away,
And *Conſcience* follows cloſe to cut and ſlay:
And threatens too no Quarter he will give,
And ſeems before him every thing to drive.
Luſt forced is in corners now to fly,
Where it doth hide it ſelf cloſe ſecretly,
And watcheth alſo, thinking for to get
An opportunity once more to ſet
And fall on *Conſcience*, which it doth diſdain
'Cauſe *Conſcience* ſays Corruption muſt be ſlain.

I ſide with him becauſe I would have peace,
But ſtill 'tis doubtful when theſe Wars will ceaſe

Devil.

What pity is't thy Sun ſhould ſet ſo ſoon,
Or ſhould be clouded thus before 'tis noon:
No ſooner riſen in thy Horizon,
And ſweetly ſhines, but preſently is gone.
Shall Winter come before the Spring is paſt,
And all its fruit be ſpoyl'd with one ſad blaſt?
Shall that brave flower which doth ſeem ſo gay,
So quickly fade and wither quite away?
What pity 'tis that one ſo young as thee
Should thus be brought into Captivity.
Hark not to Conſcience, *for I dare maintain,*
'Tis better for to hug thy ſins again.
Thy Conſcience, Youth, thou haſt too lately found,
Doth but amaze and give thy Soul a wound.
Conſider well, adviſe, and thou ſhalt ſee,
My ways are beſt, come hearken unto me:
I'le give thee Honour, Pleaſure, Wealth, and things
Which prized are by Noble Men and Kings.
Let not this Make-bate with one angry frown,
Throw all thy Glory and thy Pleaſures down.
Let not ſtrange thoughts diſtreſs thy troubled mind,
What ſatisfaction canſt thou have or find,
But that which floweth from this World alone,
'Tis I muſt raiſe thee to the ſublime throwne.
The Hell thou feareſt, may but be a ſtory,
And Heaven alſo but a feigned Glory.

If this don't ſtartle thee, then ſpeedily
I will ſtir up ſome other Enemy:
Old-man rouze up, I charge you to awake,
And ſwiftly too, your life lies at the ſtake.
And Miſtris Heart, ſtir up your wilful Will,
Is this a ſeaſon for him to ſit ſtill?
If unto Truth *and* Conſcience *he gives place,*
Our Intereſt will you'l ſee go down apace.
Judgment is gone already and doth yield,
And Courage too I fear will quit the field.
Some ſins are ſlain, and in their blood do ly,
And others into Holes are forc'd to fly.
As for Affection he doth hold his own,
Though Conſcience *doth upon him ſadly frown:*
Remembrance will unto him trayterous prove,
If I his thoughts from Sermons can remove.
I'le make his Mind run after things below,
And raiſe up trouble which he did not know.
And he'l forget what he did lately hear,
And ceaſe will then his former thoughts and fear.
If I can pleaſe his ſenſual appetite,
There is no fear of any ſudden flight;
His breaſt is Tinder, apt to entertain
The ſparks of Luſt which long he can't reſtrain.
I'le blow them up and kindle them anew,
And to Convictions ſoon he'l bid adieu.
New objects I'le preſent unto his ſight,
In which I am ſure he can't but take delight.
I have ſuch hold of him, there is no doubt
But I once more ſhall turn him quite about:

His old Companions *alſo I'll provoke,*
At's door again to give another knock;
Their ſtrong inticements hardly he'll withſtand,
They can (you'll ſee) his Spirit ſoon command.

Youth's old Companions.

How do you, Sir? what is the cauſe that we
Can't here of late injoy your Company?
It ſeems to us as if you were grown ſtrange,
As if in youth there were ſome ſudden change.

Youth.

I have not had the opportunity,
Beſides on me there do's ſome burden lie,
Which doth preſs down my Spirits very ſore,
And makes me ſeldom to go forth o'th' door.

Companions.

I warr'nt you, Sirs, 'tis ſin afflicts his ſoul,
And he's juſt going now to turn fool.
Come, come away, to Age ſuch grief belongs,
To youth, brave mirth & ſweet melodious ſong
Come drive theſe thoughts away with Pipe & Pl
Sing and Carouſe till they are quite forgot.
The lovely ſtrains of the well-tuned Lute,
Where Playes they Act, do with our Nature ſui
Come, go with us upon a brave Deſign, (thin
The which will chear that drooping heart!
Come generous Soul, let thy ambitious eye,
Such fooliſh fancies and vain dreams defie.

Shi

Shall thy Heroick Spirit thus give place,
To ſilly dotage to thy great diſgrace?

Vicinus.

The young-man yields, being poſſeſs'd with fears
They would reproach him elſe with ſcoffs and jears.
But afterwards his head begins to ake,
And *Conſcience* then afreſh begins to wake,
And ſtings him after ſuch a bitter ſort,
It puts a period to his jovial ſport.
The thoughts of death, which ſickneſs doth pre-
Doth trouble him, he cannot bear the rage, (ſage,
And inward gripes of his inlighten'd breſt,
And therefore now again he thinks 'tis beſt
To heark to *Conſcience*, whom he did refuſe,
And grievouſly did many times abuſe.

Conſcience.

Go mourn, thou wretch, for ſad is thy condition,
Pour forth amain the water of Contrition.
Wilt thou appear to men godly to be,
When all is nothing but Hypocriſie?
Wilt thou to *Truth* ſo often lend an ear,
And yet to *Satan* alſo thus adhere?
You were as good have kept your former ſtation,
As thus to yield afreſh unto temptation:
Go unto *Truth*, if God give ſpace and room,
Before I do pronounce your final doom.

Truth.

Come, come, Young-man, don't thy convictions
But cheriſh them, and timely alſo chooſe (looſe
The one thing needful, which alone is good,
That God may waſh thy Soul in Chriſt his blood.
Thy Soul is precious, 'tis of greater worth
Than all the things that are upon the Earth.
For if that the whole World you now could gain
And all the pleaſures of it could obtain;
And in exchange your Soul ſhould loſe thereby,
What would your profit be when you do dy?
When once thy Soul is loſt, thou loſeſt all:
Oh! that will be a very diſmal fall!
Doſt thou not know what I of Hell declare,
Of th' hideous howlings of the Damned there?
How canſt thou with devouring fire dwell?
Or, lie with Devils in the loweſt Hell?
Thoſe who do in their natural ſtate remain,
Muſt live for ever in that reſtleſs pain.
All Fornicators, Drunkards, and the Liar,
Muſt have their Portion in that Lake of Fire,
With Thieves, Revilers, and Extortioners,
And ſuch who are moſt vile Idolaters:
The Proud, the Swearer, and the Covetous,
God doth pronounce on them the ſelf-ſame curſe
And thoſe who live in vile Hypocriſie,
Or do backſlide into Apoſtaſie;
Let ſuch unto my preſent words give heed,
Their pain and torment ſhall all men's exceed.

What wilt thou do, or whither canſt thou fly,
Where canſt thou hide from the great Majeſty?
Who tries the reins, and ſearches every heart.
Conſcience declares that thou moſt guilty art.
Condemned Soul! thou knowſt that this is ſo,
And this moreover which I plainly ſhow,
Will come to paſs, as ſure as God's above.
If from all ſin with ſpeed you don't remove;
As ſure as you do live when e're you die,
To Hell you go to all Eternity:
Except Repentance in your ſoul be wrought,
With vengeance thither you'll at laſt be brought.
You are the man for whom God did prepare,
That dreadful Tophet where the Damned are,
The which is made exceeding large and deep,
The Damned in that doleful place to keep.
Oh! call to mind what *Conſcience* doth this day
Charge you withal before you're ſwept away;
Leſt you from him do hear no more at all,
Till you into thoſe ſcorching flames do fall.
What mercy is't that *Conſcience* ſtrives ſo long,
And his Convictions ſtill in you are ſtrong!
Oh! fear leſt ſin do ſear your Conſcience quite.
And God alſo put out your Candle-light;
And give you up unto a heart of ſtone,
As he in Wrath has ſerved many one.
Then to repent it will be much too late,
Such is the danger of a lapſed ſtate.
Young-man take heed you don't this work delay,
And put it off unto another day.

Your own Experience may diſcover this,
Man's Life a bubble and a vapour is.
Alas! thy daies on Earth will be but few,
They fly away like to the morning dew;
Like as the cloud and ſhadow ſwiftly flies,
Or, dew doth paſs as ſoon as Sun doth riſe:
So fly thy daies, thy golden months and years,
Much like the bloſſom that moſt gay appears,
And on a ſudden fades and do's decay;
So Youth oft-times doth wither quite away.
Thy Age thou doſt unto the Spring compare,
And to the flowers which appear ſo rare.
From hence, O young-man, learn Inſtruction no
Don't thy Experience daily teach thee how,
The Flower withers and hangs down its head
Which curiouſly of late ſo flouriſhed.
The Meadow's clad in glorious array,
But's ſoon cut down, and turned all to Hay.
Like *Jonah*'s Gourd which ſprang up in a nigh
And periſhed as ſoon as it was light.
Or like a Poſt which quickly paſſeth by,
Or Weaver's Shuttle which he maketh fly.
Or as a Ship when ſhe is under ſail,
Doth run moſt ſwift when ſhe has a full gale.
So are thy daies, they in like manner fly.
How many little Graves maiſt thou eſpy?
Come meaſure now thy daies, & ſee their leng
Number them not by years, by helth nor ſtreng
All theſe uncertain rules you muſt refuſe,
Though that's the way which moſt of men do

They think to live till they Old-aged are,
'Cauſe their Progenitors long-lived were.
That Rule from *Truth* you ſee doth greatly vary,
And with Experience ſhews the contary.
You hear the things which you ſhould reckon by,
Things ſwift in motion, gone moſt ſpeedily.
Thy life's uncertain, Youth, 'tis but a blaſt,
Thy Sand is little, long it will not laſt.
Thy houſe though new, yet it is very old,
Gone to decay, and turning to the mould.
You'r born to die, and dead alſo you were,
Before you liv'd or breathed in the Air.
And die you muſt, before that live you do,
Except you die to live as I do ſhow.
Thy dreadful ruine, Soul, is very nigh,
Unleſs thy Tears prevent it ſpeedily.
What is thy purpoſe now, what's in thy mind?
Which way doſt think to take, how art inclin'd?

Youth.

Thy ways, Oh *Truth*, I am reſolv'd to run,
And never more will I to Folly turn.
I tremble at the thoughts of Death and Hell,
My Soul is wounded, and my wounds do ſwell.
My Pains increaſe, therefore my purpoſe now
Is far more ſtrict to be, and for to bow
Unto Chriſt Jeſus, that I may obtain
Some healing Med'cine to remove my pain.
No reſt can I, ſave in my Duty find,
I unto Prayer am very much inclin'd.

God will, I hope, theſe latter ſins forgive,
Since I more godly do intend to live:
And do reſolve to watch and take ſuch care,
That Satan ſhall no more my Soul inſnare.

Vicinus.

He from this day becomes a great Profeſſor,
Though far from being yet a true poſſeſſor.
Chriſt he has got into his mouth and head,
But not internally rais'd from the dead.
But in old *Adam* ſtill does he remain,
Not knowing what 'tis to be born again.
When Satan ſees it is in vain to ſtrive,
The Soul into its former ſtate to drive.
But that it will forſake groſs wickedneſs,
And will alſo the Truths of Chriſt profeſs,
He yields thereto reſolving ſecretly,
To blind its eyes in cloſe Hypocriſie.
And ſo appears under a new diſguiſe,
Moſt ſubtilly the Soul for to ſurpriſe.
Perſwading him the War which he doth find,
Daily to be within his troubled mind,
Is ſaving Grace againſt iniquity,
Which has prevail'd and got the victory;
When it is common Grace (we do ſo call)
And not the Grace that's ſupernatural.
He takes the work of legal Reformation,
For th' only work of true Regeneration:
Here he doth reſt and ſeem to be at eaſe,
When all is done his Conſcience to appeaſe.

But i'll give place to this Religious Youth,
To hear diſcourſe between him and the Truth.

Youth.

Oh! happy I, and bleſſed be the day,
That unto *Truth* and *Conſcience* I gave way.
I would not be in my old ſtate again,
If I thereby ſome thouſands might obtain.
From Wrath and Hell my ſoul is now ſet free,
For I don't doubt but I Converted be.
The Word with power ſo to me was brought,
A glorious change within my Soul is wrought.

Truth.

Young-man take heed leſt you miſtaken are,
Converſion's hard, it is a work ſo rare,
That very few that narrow paſſage enter,
Though far that way there's thouſands do adven-
Yet miſs the mark for all their inward ſtrife, (ter,
They fall far ſhort of the new-Creature-life,
Come, let me hear your Grounds of evidence,
For I don't like your ſeeming confidence.
I doubt I ſhall find you under God's curſe,
And ſtill your Caſe as bad, if not much worſe,
Than 'twas when you did no Profeſſion make,
But did your ſwings in all Prophaneneſs take.
The *Phariſee* was a Religious man,
Yet nearer Heaven was the *Publican*.
If ſhort of Chriſt you fix or faſten do,
'Twill be your ruine and your overthrow.

Youth.

What do you mean, this Doctrine's too ſev
For all might ſee that I converted were.
But if my Grounds you are reſolv'd to weigh,
You ſhall forthwith hear what I have to ſay;
And the firſt Ground which I reſolve to bring
For to evince, to clear, and prove the thing,
Is from Convictions which I have of Sin,
Which once I hugged and delighted in.

Truth.

Alas poor Soul! this Reaſon ſoon will fly,
For moſt do ſee their vile iniquity.
They are convinced by their inward light,
That Sin is odious in *Jehovah*'s ſight.
But yet vile Sinners are nevertheleſs,
And don't one dram of ſaving Grace poſſeſs.
King *Pharaoh*, *Eſau*, yea, and *Judas* too,
They were convinced of their ſins (you know
That they were Saints, there's no man doth
For all thoſe three the Devil did deceive. (lie
As he beguiled them, he may likewiſe
With cunning Stratagems your Soul ſurpriſe.
Nay, and he has, ſo far as I can judge,
Unleſs you do ſome better Reaſon urge
To prove Converſion in your Soul is wrought.
I do declare your ſtate is very nought.
How many men under Convictions lie,
Yet never born again until they die?

What haſt thou elſe to ſay and to produce,
Sith ſlight Convictions are of little uſe?

Youth.

I do not only ſee my Sin, but I
Do mourn and grieve for ſin continually.
And thoſe which ſo do mourn they bleſſed are,
Don't you alſo the ſelf-ſame thing declare?

Truth.

Nay hold a little, thou may'ſt weep amain,
And yet in thee may many evils reign.
Thou mayeſt mourn for ſin, as many do,
Becauſe of ſhame, of bitter pain, and wo,
Which now it brings and leads unto i'th' end,
And not becauſe thereby you do offend
The Living God, and wound your Saviour, who
Did for your ſake ſuch torment undergo.
Mourn more for th'evil which doth come thereby
Than for the evil which in it doth ly.
This ground is weak, for *Eſau* it appears,
Did mourn and weep, and let fall bitter tears:
And yet you know that *Eſau* was prophane,
And far was he from being born again.

Youth.

But I go further yet, I do confeſs,
My horrid evils and my guiltineſs.
If I confeſs my ſins, as I have done,
God he is juſt, and is the Faithful One;

Who

Who will my ſins forgive and pardon quite,
And blot them out of his own precious ſight.
This being ſo, what cauſe then can you ſee,
But that I'm turn'd from my iniquity?

Truth.

This will not do, 'tis not a certain ground,
Some do confeſs their ſins whoſe heart's unſound.
When *Pharaoh* ſaw the Judgment of the hail,
His heart began then greatly for to fail.
I've ſin'd this time, the Lord is juſt, ſaid he,
I, and my People (alſo) wicked be.
Though *Pharaoh*, *Saul*, and *Judas* each of them
God did reject and utterly condemn;
Yet theſe, when under wrath, are forc'd to cry
Lord, we have ſin'd; their Conſcience ſo did fly
Into their faces, that it made them quake,
And unto God Confeſſion ſtraight to make.
Confeſſion may be made alſo in part,
And not of ev'ry ſin that's in the heart.
Men may confeſs their ſin, and their great guilt,
Who the dire nature of it never felt.
Confeſs their ſins in their extremity,
When Conſcience pinches them moſt bitterly.
Confeſs their ſins which they committed have,
Yet don't intend thoſe curſed ſins to leave.

Youth.

But I confeſs, and alſo do forſake,
My ſtate therefore, 'tis clear, you do miſtake;

Thoſe who confeſs and do their ſins forgo,
God will to them his precious Mercy ſhow.
Therefore don't trouble me, 'tis very plain,
for my part am truly born again.

Truth.

In this alſo you may deceived be,
Men may forſake all groſs iniquitie;
Yet in their ſouls may ſome ſweet morſel lie,
Which they may hug and keep cloſe ſecretly.
They may ſin leave, but not as it is ſin,
Which has too often manifeſted bin.
If the leaſt ſin thou didſt forſake aright,
All ſin would then be odious in thy ſight.
Judgment and Reaſon may your ſins oppoſe,
And utterly refuſe with them to cloſe;
Yet may thy will and thy affections joyn,
To favour ſtill and love thoſe ſins of thine.
If ſin's not out of thy affection caſt,
Thou wilt appear an Hypocrite at laſt.
If ſin's i'th' will and in th'affections found,
'Tis a true ſign thy heart is quite unſound.
Like to the Seaman, ſome Profeſſors do,
Who over-bord ſome Goods are forc'd to throw,
When they do meet with ſtorms & with bad wea-
Left all their goods & ſhip do ſink together. (ther
When in the ſoul great ſtorms and tempeſts riſe,
The Devil then may ſubtilly adviſe
The ſoul to throw ſome of its ſins away,
To make a Calm, that ſo thereby he may

Perſwade the ſoul the danger is quite gone,
And that the work in him is fully done.
'Tis not enough therefore ſome ſins to leave,
But every ſin you muſt reſolve to heave
And caſt o're-board, yea and that willingly,
Or elſe you ſink to all Eternity.
Not by conſtraint, as *Conſcience* doth compel,
As ſome are forc'd to do, who like it well;
Who leave the Act, but love to it retain:
Such leave their ſins, and yet their ſins remain.

Youth.

Theſe are hard ſayings which you do relate
And I indeed ſhould queſtion my eſtate;
Wer't not for other grounds and reaſons clear
By which I know that I converted were.
Sir! there's in me a very glorious change,
Moſt men admire it, and think it ſtrange,
That one who lately did both ſcoff and jear
Thoſe men and people, which I now do hear
And follow'd Vice and ev'ry vanity,
Should on a ſudden thus reformed be:
And utterly my ſelf alſo deny,
Of my ſweet joys, and former Company.

Truth.

From outward filthineſs a man may turn,
And not be chang'd in heart when he has don
A legal change I grant he may be under,
Yet may not Soul and Self be cut aſunder.

An outward change in men there may be wrought
And yet their hearts within be very nought.
The Swine that wallows in the mire now,
May waſhed be, but ſtill remains a Sow.
Perſons may cleanſe the out-ſide of the Cup,
And Dogs may ſpew their naſty Vomit up;
But yet do keep their beaſtly Nature ſtill,
And e're a while they manifeſt it will.
Many Profeſſors fall away and dy,
For want of being changed thorowly.
The *Phariſee* was chang'd, he did appear
As if indeed a precious Saint he were;
And differ'd quite from the poor *Publican*,
And thought himſelf a far more happy man.
But all this was in ſhew, and not in heart,
And therefore had in Chriſt no ſhare nor part.
Except your Righteouſneſs doth his excel,
You in no wiſe ſhall in God's Kingdom dwell.
'Tis a falſe change, and cannot be a true,
Unleſs in you all things are wholly new.
Old *Herod* will reform in many things,
When once he finds his Conſcience bites & ſtings;
To hear *John Baptiſt* alſo was he led,
Yet afterwards depriv'd him of his Head.
So far this ſeeming-Saint was turn'd aſide,
That he alſo your Saviour did deride;
And with his Men of War ſet him at nought,
Whil'ſt Accuſations they againſt him ſought.
Simon the Sorcerer, alſo you read,
Was changed ſo, he gave great care and heed.

To

To *Philip*'s Preachings; yea, and ſuddenly
He leaves his Witch-crafts and his Sorcery;
And yet a curſed Caitiſt all the while,
Like a Sepulcre painted, inward vile.
Another man in ſhow 'tis like thou art,
Yet not made new, and changed in thy heart.
Men in thy Life may no great blemiſh ſpy,
Yet in thy breſt much rottenneſs may ly.
Towards all men thy Conſcience may be clear,
Conſcience ſo far may for thee witneſs bear,
That you in Morals it do not offend,
Yet unto God it may not you commend:
But contrar'wiſe it in your face may fly,
And you condemn for ſin continually.
For ſecret evils which it's privy too,
Which none knows of, ſave God and only you
Therefore, Oh! Young-man, if you look about
Of your Converſion you have cauſe to doubt.
Satan ſo greatly may your heart deceive,
That not one dram of Grace your Soul may have
Which ſaving is, and of the pureſt kind,
For that, alas! there's very few do find.

Youth.

But I am call'd of God, and do obey
The Voice of *Truth* and *Conſcience* every day.
God's called Ones I'm ſure you can't deny,
But they are ſuch whom he doth Juſtifie:
Therefore 'tis clear and very evident,
That Grace alone hath made me penitent.

My heart is ſound, my Graces true alſo,
My Confidence there's none ſhall overthrow.

Truth.

Thou ſeem'ſt too confident, 'tis a bad ſign;
For Fears attend where ſaving Grace doth ſhine.
I tell thee, Youth, that many called be;
But few are choſen from Eternity.
Judas was call'd, and did obey in part,
And yet was he a Devil in his heart.
There is an outward, and an inward Call,
The latter only is effectual.
Therefore you muſt produce ſome better ground,
For this don't prove that your Converſions ſound;
But that thou mayſt ſtick faſt ſtill in the birth,
Or prove Abortive when thou art brought forth.
'Tis rare, Oh Youth! for to be born anew,
And hard to find out when the work is true.

Youth.

Though it be ſo, what cauſe have I to fear,
When that my Evidences are ſo clear?
I do believe, and truſt in God through Faith,
And he which ſo doth do, the witneſs hath
Within himſelf, and ſhall aſſuredly
Be ſaved alſo when he comes to dy.

Truth.

Thou mayſt believe as moſt of People do,
And yet to Hell at laſt thy Soul may go,

The Faith of Credence it is like you have,
Which cannot quicken, purifie or ſave.
Some *Jews* believ'd in Chriſt you alſo find,
Yet to their Luſts their hearts were then incli
And out of Satans Kingdom were not freed,
Nor made Diſciples of the Lord indeed.
Simon the Sorcerer, he did believe;
Yet did his Soul no ſaving Grace receive:
But was a Child of Satan ne're the leſs,
And ſtill was in the Gall of bitterneſs.
The ſtony ground with joy receiv'd the ſeed,
And for a time brought forth, as you may read
And yet their hearts they were but hearts of ſto
Their Faith was temporary, ſoon 'twas gone.
The *Devils do believe* as well as you,
Yea, and confeſs that Jeſus they do know;
They tremble alſo, which ſome men can't ſay,
They ever did unto this preſent day.
Such Faith as Devils have, moſt men obtain,
Which ſerves for nought, ſave to augment th
If on a Death-bed *Conſcience* do awake,
'Twill cauſe them then to tremble and to quak
And roar like Devils when they do eſpy
The dreadful wrath of that great Majeſty,
Whom they offended, and againſt their Light
And knowledge too, moſt wicked y did ſlight.
This Faith will ſerve their grief to aggravate,
But not to help them out of that eſtate.
'Tis eaſie to believe that Chriſt did dy;
But hard his blood in Truth for to apply.

Men may raiſe up the dead to life again,
As eaſie as true ſaving Faith obtain
By their own Power, and inherit skill,
Nought doth oppoſe it more than mans own will;
Until Almighty Power makes it bend,
'Twill not to Grace, nor Jeſus condeſcend.
That Pow'r which rais'd up Jeſus from the dead,
Works Faith in Saints, whereby they'r quickened:
The Faith of Credence, and Hiſtorical,
Is eaſie had, I ne're deny it ſhall:
But precious Faith, the Faith of Gods Elect,
As 'tis a Grace, and glorioufly bedeckt
With other Graces, ſo, 'twill never grow
But in the honeſt heart, where God doth ſow
The bleſſed Seed, which, like a Garden pure,
Doth yield its fruit to th' laſt, you may be ſure.
And when this Faith is wrought in any Soul,
It throws down ſelf, and wholly then doth rowl
On Jeſus Chriſt, as its beloved one,
On whom it reſts, and doth depend alone.
If God hath wrought this precious Grace in thee,
Sin thou doſt hate, yea all iniquity;
And Luſt doth not predominate and reign,
If thou by Faith art truly born again.
Chriſt thou exalt'ſt as he is Prieſt and King,
And as thy Prophet too in every thing:
He does in thee wholly the Scepter ſway,
And thou art govern'd by him every day.
Sin can't prevail, ſuch is thy happy caſe,
If thou haſt got this rare victorious Grace:

It purges and doth purifie thy heart,
Wholly renewing thee in every part.
Men by its fruits true Faith do come to know,
And by their works the ſame do alſo ſhow,
What Faith is thine? what thinks thou now of it
I greatly fear 'twill prove a counterfeit.
Examine thy Eſtate, and take good heed
To cloſe with Jeſus Chriſt, and that with ſpeed.
For as th' Body without the Spirit's dead;
The ſame of Faith you know is alſo ſed.
Without Obedience doth thy Faith attend?
Yet for all this you'l periſh in the end,

Youth.

I am obedient, and am free to joyn
In fellowſhip with Saints, ſuch Faith is mine:
I willing am to do, as to believe;
The Devil can't therefore my Soul deceive.
For I have clos'd with Chriſt already ſo,
That none my Faith ſhall ever overthrow.
The many Prayers I make both day and night,
Do doubtleſs prove that my Converſion's right.

Truth.

I tell thee, Soul, men may do more than this,
And yet they may of true Converſion miſs.
God's Ordinances many do obey,
And Members of Gods holy Church are they.
And of its Priviledges ſeem to ſhare,
As if that they truly Converted were.

They may diſcourſe and ſeem to be devout,
And may not be deſcerned nor found out.
They with the Flock may walk, lie down and feed,
And ſo remain till many years ſucceed:
Nay, not diſcovered be until they ſtand
Amongſt the Goats at Jeſus Chriſts left hand.
The fooliſh Virgins joyn'd themſelves with wiſe,
And for to meet the Bridegroom did ariſe:
But e're the Bridegroom came their caſe was ſad,
For they nought elſe ſave empty Veſſels had.
A bare Profeſſion, and a meer out-ſide,
And did no Oyl, no ſaving Grace provide.
Many great Preachers and Diſputers too
Chriſt will not own, nor any favour ſhow;
Though in his Name they mighty works have done,
He'l ſay to them, *Ye wicked ones, be gone,*
I know you not, therefore begone from me
All you vile workers of Iniquity.
You ſay oft-times you ſeek the Lord in Prayer.
That you may do, and let fall many a tear,
And yet not be in a converted ſtate:
For many ſeek with tears when 'tis too late.
Others, like Seamen, in a Storm do cry,
When *Conſcience* doth rebuke them bitterly.
And ſome under Afflictions cry and howl,
And grievouſly their ſtate do then condoul.
Then Promiſes and Reſolutions make,
That they ſuch Courſes will no longer take:
But when the ſtorm and the affliction's o're,
They are as bad, nay worſer than before.

Some Pray in Form, and others Pray by Art,
And ſome to mend the badneſs of their Heart;
Their hearts are wounded, and then ſpeedily
Their Prayers to heal it they do ſtraight apply,
They Sin i'th' day, and Pray when it is night;
They Sin again, but Pray'r doth heal it quite.
They think 'tis well if Tears they can let fall,
Their Prayers and Tears they think will cure all
And ſo that way poor *Conſcience* they beguile,
They ſilence him; yet ſinners all the while.
Their Prayers, alas! can't waſh their filth away
Though they do nothing elſe both night and day
'Tis on their Prayers they reſt, and do depend
Which like a broken ſtaff will fail i'th' end.
A Saint in Prayer, no reſt nor eaſe can gain,
Unleſs Chriſts blood thereby he doth obtain:
And Grace alſo his ſins to mortify,
For Chriſt, as well as Pardon, he doth cry.
But contrar'wiſe it is with moſt of men,
They cry for Pardon, but do alſo then
In their vile hearts regard iniquity;
And for this cauſe God doth their ſuit deny.
Their Prayers are to God abomination,
Whilſt they do hide and cover their tranſgreſſion
Some out of Cuſtom do perform their Prayer,
Not out of Conſcience, or from godly care.
And others alſo for vain glory ſake,
Like *Phariſees*, they many Prayers make.
In ſight of men, in Publick ſuch will pray,
But in the Cloſet litt'e have to ſay.

And ſome to God alſo ſeem to draw near,
Yet not in love, nor out of filial fear, (ſhow,
They with their mouths & tongues much kindnes
When as their hearts are fixt on things below.
'Tis for the heart when Chriſt chiefly call,
And reaſon 'tis that he ſhould have it all.
For he the ſame did buy and purchaſe dear,
Yet Satan has the chief poſſeſſion there.
God at the door, and in the porch doth ſtand,
While Satan may the braveſt room command.
They'll ope to him, and keep *Jehovah* out,
And yet in Pray'r they ſeem to be devout.
There's ſome will pray, and up this Duty keep,
When th'Soul is quite, and th' Body neer aſleep.
Whoever praies, and praies not fervently,
In Faith, in Truth, and in Sincerity;
Their Pray'rs are ſin, and them God will not hear,
Nor mind their cry when they to him draw near.
'Tis not enough a Duty for to know,
But how alſo each Duty you ſhould do:
For men may Pray, Read, Hear, and Meditate,
And yet be in an unconverted ſtate.
They outwardly may many Truths profeſs,
But not in heart the pow'r of them poſſeſs.
The Law i'th'Letter keep, yea, have the ſhell,
Yet feeds on huſks, and want the true kernel.
The Young-man which to Jeſus Chriſt did run,
He many things as well as you had done,
And yet fell ſhort, as you may plainly ſee,
Of the chief part of true Chriſtianity.

What ſay ye now, O Youth, do you not fear,
That you by Satan much deceived are.
Have you no *Dalila* which ſecretly
Doth in your heart, or in your boſom ly?
Don't you to ſin ſome ſecret love retain?
If it be ſo, you are not born again.
Conſcience I fear, and Gods reſtraining Grace
Has only ſtopt you in your former race.
Like to a Dog that's kept up by a Chain,
So *Conſcience* dos from ſin oft-times reſtrain.
But if the Chain ſhould ſlip, then looſe he goes
And preſently his churliſh nature ſhows.
To your own Righteouſneſs do you not truſt?
I fear you do, come ſpeak, or *Conſcience* muſt.
Don't you conclude God is oblig'd to you,
Since you have let ſo many evils go?
And are ſo holy here of late become,
Are not your duties ſet up in the room
And place of Chriſt? Oh! ſee you do not make
A Saviour of your own (for Jeſus ſake)
Did ever Sin, ſinful to you appear?
And, as 'tis ſin, to it great hatred bear:
Would you not ſin, were there no Hell of pain,
Becauſe you know the Lord doth it diſdain?
Rather, is't not from fear of puniſhment,
That you of late ſeem thus for to relent?
Or, doth there not ſome carnal baſe deſign
Move thee ſo far unto God's Truth to joyn?
Is not thy end to get a Name thereby?
Or only done, *Conſcience* to ſatisfy?

Or done to free thee from reproach and ſhame,
Which ſin doth bring upon a Perſon's Name?
Haſt not it done, and wiſely caſt about
This way, for to prevent a bankerout?
Or done for to augment thy outward ſtore,
To ſave thy ſtock, and add unto it more?
For Rietous Living which attends thy Age,
Conſumes apace, and Want it doth preſage.
Come ſpeak, O Youth, and be thou not unfree
To let me underſtand how 'tis with thee.
Come, call to mind what thou haſt heard of late,
And thereby judge of this thy preſent ſtate.

Youth.

I do not ſee but my Condition's good,
I have ſuch hope & faith in Chriſt's dear blood;
Though many imperfections I do ſee;
Yet God is gracious, and will pardon me.
For many failings there is in the beſt:
What is amiſs, I'le mend, and ſo do reſt.

Truth.

Thy Hope will fail like to the Spider's webb,
Thy flood of Confidence will have its ebb.
If thou prove guilty of thoſe things which I,
Did unto thee ſo lately ſignifie.
Thy ſpots will not be like the ſpots of thoſe,
Which God for Children to himſelf hath choſe.
And ſince you are ſo loth for to be tri'd,
And leſt you ſhould alſo ſome evils hide;

To

To *Conſcience* i'll appeal, you have done wrong
To ſtop his mouth, and hinder him ſo long:
He's ſo inlightened now he can declare,
As much as we at preſent need to hear.
He'll ſpeak the truth, and his opinion ſhow,
And nothing will he hide which he doth know
If unto him you will attend with care,
Of other witneſſes no need is there:
If he, O Young-man, be but on your ſide,
And is your Friend, you need none elſe provi
But if againſt you, and do prove your Foe,
With vengeance then be ſure down you will go
But if you will not hear what he ſhall ſay,
He'll make you tremble in the Judgment-day.

Conſcience, I do i'th' Name of the great King
Require you your Evidence to bring
Againſt this man, accuſe, or ſet him free,
According as you find his ſtate to be:
Stand up for Chriſt your dread & Soverain Lo
And judge for him as he doth Light afford.
Be not deceiv'd by Luſt, a Bribe to take,
But judge by Law; Chriſt's honour lies at ſta
For to ſpeak home and loud have you forgot
Is he converted now, or is he not?
What do you ſay? your Teſtimony give:
Is all ſin dead, or doth there any live?
Is he new born, and chang'd in every part?
Or is't in ſhew only, and not in heart?

Co

Conſcience.

Sir, ſay no more, I am at your Command,
And you ſhall hear how things at preſent ſtand.
He hath, *O Truth*, almoſt deceived me
By's late pretences unto Sanctity:
But having now afreſh receiv'd more light,
I muſt declare he is an Hypocrite.
He's not renew'd or truly born again,
Which I to you ſhall clearly now explain.
For, firſt of all, his Faculty, call'd Will,
That is perverſe and very wicked ſtill;
Though I ſtir up to good every hour,
Will doth oppoſe it with his greateſt pow'r.
He'll never pray in private day nor night;
But I muſt force him to't with all my might.
The old Man is not ſlain I do eſpy,
But has much favour ſhown him ſecretly.
Though I do force him into holes to run,
Yet he doth nouriſh him when all is done.
His Love and his Affections are for ſin,
And ſo in truth they ever yet have bin.
He's troubl'd more at ſin becauſe of guilt,
Than at the *Odium* of its curſed filt.
When he's abroad amongſt Religious men,
Preciſe and Zealous he is alwaies then:
But when amongſt ſuch who ungodly be,
He ſuits himſelf to their vile company.
Some ſins are left which men condemn as groſs,
Yet one he keeps, and hugs it very cloſe:

Luſt

Luſt doth bear rule and much predominate,
And he on it doth love to ruminate.
'Tis ſhame and outward fear doth him reſtrain,
Or elſe the act he would commit again.
If he from outward blots can keep his Name,
That Saints can't him accuſe nor juſtly blame,
He's ſatisfied, and very well content,
Though to his Peace I never gave conſent.
Peace he oft-times doth ſpeak unto his Soul,
And ſcarce will ſuffer me him to controul.
When I ſometimes do catch him in a ly,
And do reprove him for Hypocriſy:
To ſtop my mouth he vows he will with ſpeed
Amend what is amiſs, and take more heed.
And more then this of him I could relate,
And ſhew how you have hit his preſent ſtate:
But that he will not ſuffer me to ſpeak,
He blinds my eyes, that ſo I might not rake
Into his heart and life, leſt he thereby
Meets with great ſhame for his iniquity.

Truth.

Conſcience, forbear, you need not to inlarge;
If you do lay theſe things unto his charge.
He is undone, alas! his precious Soul
Is under wrath, who can enough condole
His ſad eſtate! the Goſpel he'l profeſs,
But ſtill remains i'th' gall of bitterneſs.
Is this the Saint which ſeemed ſo preciſe,
And did appear God's Statutes much to prize?

A Saint in ſhew, a Devil in his heart,
And muſt with Devils alſo have his part.
The day is coming, and is very near,
When Hypocrites ſhall be ſurpriz'd with fear;
The everlaſting burning fiery Lake,
Is made more hot on purpoſe for their ſake.
But ſince you are not fear'd, nor I yet gone,
Before we leave him quite, do you go on:
Let us purſue him ſtill, for who doth know
What God may yet upon his Spirit do?
If God grant him one dram of ſaving Grace,
That will yet do, though 'tis a doubtful caſe.
Whether or no God will his Grace afford
To ſuch as he who thus offend the Lord.
For ſuch whom Satan doth this way deceive,
'Tis hard to bring truly for to believe.
He never was convinced thorowly,
Of Sin, and of his nat'ral miſery.
His loſt eſtate he truly never ſaw,
Nor what it is for to tranſgreſs Gods Law.
How he's undone thereby he never knew,
Nor what for ſin original is due.
And as he did for ſin ne're kindly bleed;
So of a Chriſt he never ſaw the need.
Th' abſolute want and great neceſſity
Of Jeſus Chriſt, he never did eſpy:
But on falſe bottoms he has built 'tis clear;
I do conjure you therefore to declare
Him utterly unclean from top to toe,
And let him underſtand you are his Foe.

The

The Plague is in his head, and no place free,
But in his heart it rages vehementlie.
Lance him unto the quick, and make him feel,
Lay on ſuch blows which may cauſe him to reel.

Conſcience.

Come, come, O Young-man, liſten unto me,
I will no longer thus deceived be.
I from Gods Word Commiſſion have anew,
To tell thee what is like to enſue;
For all thy hopes and ſeeming goodly ſhow,
Thou art a wretched Sinner thou doſt know.
Think'ſt thou on *Conſcience* to commit a Rape,
And yet Gods dreadful vengeance to eſcape?
Dar'ſt thou again under a new diſguiſe,
Encounter with thy former Enemies?
You are the ſame I am ſure although you have
Changed your Coat, poor Mortals to deceive.
Ungodly wretch! doſt thou not dread my Name
Who'm come once more againſt thee to proclaim
A ſecond War, and to declare alſo,
God's ſtill thy Enemy and bitter Foe.
His Sword is whet, his Bow he'l alſo bend,
To cut down thoſe that do, like thee offend.
Nought he hates more than vile Hypocriſy,
And from his Preſence, Youth, thou canſt not fl

Youth.

Conſcience, be ſtill, though a ſinner be,
There's none doth know it now ſave only thee.

Conſc

Conſcience.

Deceived Soul! doth none know it but I?
Where's the great God, is he not alſo nigh?
Doſt think, vain Youth, the interpoſing cloud,
From God's all-ſearching eye can be a ſhroud?
Or doſt thou think God s Seat is ſo on high,
That he cannot thy inward thoughts eſpy?
None know't but me! know'ſt thou not who I am?
Have I not pow'r for to accuſe, and damn?
Should I be ſtill, it would be a ſad day,
Unleſs thy ſins were purged clean away.
And whilſt I ſpeak, and thou doſt ſtop thine ear,
Nothing but War and Tumults thou wilt hear.
I'le never ſide with thee, nor take thy part,
Whilſt horrid guilt remains in thy baſe heart.
Nor would I mind thy flattery or frown,
Wert thou the higheſt Prince of great'ſt Renown.
That ever did on Earth a Scepter ſway,
Before thy face I would thy evils lay.
At th' ſmalleſt ſin before I can't connive;
And therefore with me 'tis in vain to ſtrive.
For where I am an Enemy indeed,
I'le plague that heart until I make it bleed.
A cloſe and ſecret Foe, Young-man, am I
Who am alſo with thee continually.
What e're you think or ſpeak, yea, act or do,
Of it (poor Soul) I very well do know:
Thy ſecret Luſt, and what is done i'th' night,
Which thou aſhamed art ſhould come to light.

I then

I then am nigh, and know it very well.
And more than this I am reſolv'd to tell;
I unto thee ſhall prove an Enemy,
When thou art brought into Adverſity;
When death and ſickneſs comes, then thou ſha
How thou with horrour ſhalt amazed be. (ſe
Then my black Bill againſt thee will be large,
For then againſt thee I will bring a Charge,
Which will make thy ſad face like Aſhes look,
And wound thy Soul as if a knif was ſtruck
Into thy very heart, and make thee mourn,
And curſe the day that ever thou waſt born.
I'le make thee underſtand (clearly) i'th' end,
What 'tis (vile wretch) poor *Conſcience* to offen
Hark once again, for I have more to ſay;
When this life's ended, there's another day.
Look now about thee, Youth, for there's to com
The black, the dark, and dreadful day of Doom.
When thou doſt die, I'le bite and ſting thy Soul,
Whilſt that in flames doth burn and doth condol
Its damned ſtate for yielding unto ſin,
Which has alone the ruine of it bin.
And alſo when i'th' Judgment Day you ſtand
Amongſt the Goats at Jeſus Chriſt's left hand,
Thy dreadful ſtate and tryal for to hear,
Then I againſt thee ſtraitway muſt appear;
Yea, and ſhall ſpeak more plain than now I can,
Becauſe I'm clouded by the Fall of Man;
And am by Satan oftentimes miſled,
And utterly unable rendered,

A tru

A true and right deciſion for to make,
He ſo beguiles me that I do miſtake,
And a wrong Judgment oftentimes retain,
Till *Truth* me into th' right again.
But Satan then ſhall no more power have,
The heart of any man for to deceive.
I in that Day ſhall you provoke and urge,
For to confeſs with ſhame before the Judge,
Thy evil Luſt and cloſe Hypocriſie,
Unto thy own Eternal miſerie.
I ſhall accuſe thee ſo in that great Day,
Thou ſhalt not have one word (young-man) to ſay,
Thy inward parts ſo opened then ſhall be,
That nothing ſhall be hid i'th' leaſt from me,
And I before the dreadful Judge ſhall ſhow,
All ſecret things that ever you did do;
And in your face ſo fiercely alſo fly,
That you with horror ſhall be forc'd to cry,
Guilty, guilty, O Lord! then thou muſt hear
The dreadful Sentence, which no one can bear;
Go, go, ye Curſed! that's a word of ire,
And you muſt go into Eternal fire,
Where Hypocrites and Unbelievers lie,
Broyling in pain to all Eternitie.
And as the fire evermore will burn,
And thou from thence ſhalt never more return:
So I alſo ſhall then afflict thy Soul,
Whilſt thou in ſcalding Sulphur flames doſt roul.
I like a Worm, or Serpent, then will bite,
And gnaw thy Soul, thou curſed Hypocrite.

Thoſe inward ſtings which always thou wilt fin
Or cruel gnawings in thy tortur'd mind.
Will then increaſe and aggravate thy wo,
In ſuch a ſort there is no tongue can ſhow.
You then will think how you did me abuſe,
And my good Counſel utterly refuſe.
And how you labour'd to put out my Light,
Who in God's paths would lead your feet aright
Your baſe delays and put-offs you'l repent,
And that your time ſo fooliſhly was ſpent:
And how for love which unto Luſt you bore,
Should loſe your Soul, and that for evermore.
To think how near you were unto Salvation,
Will prove another grievous aggravation:
To bid ſo fair for Heaven, yet to miſs,
What greater trouble can there be than this?
To ſee the Ship i'th' mouth o'th' Haven loſt,
That doth, ye know, perplex the Merchant moſt
I'le tell you alſo how you wilfully
Brought on your ſelf that dreadful miſery:
And how I did oft-times to you declare,
The bitter torments which you then muſt bear:
And what your Pride and Luſt would bring you t
If you did not reſolve to let them go.
Ah! thou wilt ſee how thou art quite undone,
And how all hopes for evermore are gone.
Thoughts of thoſe golden Seaſons once you had.
Which you did loſe, will then be very ſad.
Thou might'ſt, hadſt thou improv'd the means
Beheld with Saints God's reconciled face. (Grac

And enter'd Paradiſe, where Angels ſing
Anthems of Joy to the Eternal King:
And might'ſt have ſung to him melodious Pſalms,
With thoſe whoſe hands ſhall bear triumphant Palms;
Who with Eternal Love ſhall raviſh'd be,
Raigning with Chriſt to all Eternitie.
Heaven is a place whoſe glory doth excel;
The thouſand part of it no tongue can tell.
Man's heart (*Truth ſays*) cannot i'th' leaſt conceive
What thoſe ſhall have who truly believe.
Who would loſe Chriſt and his Immortal treaſure?
For one baſe Luſt and moments time of pleaſure?
But if what's ſaid of Heav'n will not invite thee,
Then let Hell torments with black vengeance fright thee
And make thee yield to *Truth* without delays,
Before God puts a period to thy days.
As Eye can neither ſee, nor Tongue expreſs
The Glory which God's Saints in Heav'n poſſeſs:
So there's no man which can conceive the wo,
That Souls ſhut up in Hell do undergo.
If men could number all the Stars of Heaven,
Or count the Duſt which with the wind is driven;
Or tell the drops of water in the Seas,
Or count the Sands; then may a man with eaſe
Declare the nature of that dreadful pain,
Which damned Souls for ever muſt ſuſtain.
But ſtars, nor duſt, nor drops, nor ſands can be
Number'd by any man, neither can he
Expreſs the nature of God's dreadful ire,
Which Souls lie under in Eternal fire.

In Hell all's Darkneſs, not one beam of Light:
What's greater ſorrow than Eternal Night?
In Hell all's Death, and yet there is no dying,
Nought there is heard but a moſt hideous crying;
Their pains end not, from it there's no exemption;
Their cries admit no help, there's no redemption;
Nor none to pity them, nor hear their groans,
Whilſt they do make their lamentable moans.
The Lord who dy'd will then rejoyce to ſee,
Vengeance pour'd forth upon thoſe Souls that be
Veſſels of Wrath, who for rejecting Grace
Muſt have their portion in that doleful place.
No Earthly pain or torment can declare
The woful Anguiſh which the Damned bear:
For if thoſe Plagues could be defin'd by men,
Infinite Puniſhment 'twould not be then.
Infinite Wrath it is to ſatisfie;
And God, be ſure, will Juſtice magnifie.
Didſt thou but hear the groans and hideous cry
Of Souls condemned to Eternity,
How would it ſcare, and cauſe thy Heart to ake,
And every limb of thee tremble and quake!
Think, think on this, before the time doth come
That God doth paſs on thee thy final Doom.

Truth.

What ſay'ſt thou now? how can'ſt thou ſleep
Until theſe inward gripes of *Conſcience* ceaſe? (peace
How can'ſt thou think i'th' leaſt thy ſtate is good,
When *Conſcience* ſwells and makes ſo great a flood

C

Or raiſes ſtorms and tempeſts in thy breſt?
Becauſe of ſin he will not let thee reſt.
Come, make a ſearch, *Conſcience* is not miſled,
The very Truth before you he has ſpred.
What will you do at Death and Judgment Day,
If *Conſcience* thus you ſlight and diſobey?
Make peace with God, for worſer are his cries,
Than if ten thouſand witneſſes ſhould riſe
Againſt thy ſoul? 'twill be a dreadful thing
To have thy Conſcience then to bite and ſting.

Youth.

Some comfort, *Truth*, alas my Soul doth melt?
Such gripes as theſe what man has ever felt?
I have ſome doubt my ſtate is very nought,
And that Converſion is not truly wrought.
My heart condemns me, and doth me reprove.
'Tis thou alone which can my grief remove.

Truth.

Before you have a Plaiſter for your ſore,
Your wound muſt yet be ſearch'd a little more:
If ſlightly heal'd only for preſent eaſe,
The Remedy's as bad as the Diſeaſe.
Doſt know what time thou didſt this wound re-
'Tis worſer far, I fear, than you believe: (ceive?
'Tis deepe, it ſtinks, yea, and 'tis venomous,
And doth expoſe thee to God's dreadful Curſe.
The ſting or dart ſticks faſt too in thy Liuer,
Which doth thy ſmart and bitter pains procure.

Thy ſtate is bad, thou haſt thy mortal wound,
No Limb, or any part of thee, is ſound.
If thou couldſt live, and never more offend,
Yet by the Law thy Soul is quite condemn'd.
If from all actual ſin you ſhould be clear,
Yet by the Law you ſtill moſt guilty are
Of former Crimes, Treaſon and Felony,
And Juſtice doth aloud for Vengeance cry,
Nor will ſhe Pardon or Reprieve give forth
To any Sinner living on the Earth.
Againſt thee too the Sentence is forth gone,
And th' Day of Execution doth draw on;
Nought is between thee and Eternal Death,
But ſome ſhort hours of uncertain breath.
Sin is ſo vile, and Juſtice ſo ſevere,
That in the leaſt 'twould not *Chriſt Jeſus* ſpare;
But Juſtice he muſt fully ſatisfie,
Who came to be man's bleſt Security.
And ſince in Chriſt thou haſt no ſhare nor part,
See what a ſelf-condemned Soul thou art.

Youth.

O curſed Sin! is this my ſad condition?
Truth I believe has made a right deciſion.
I have my Soul deceived all along,
Though in my heart Convictions oft were ſtrong
Oh! horrid Luſt, and baſe deceitful Devil,
Is this the fruit of your ſweet-pleaſing evil?
And thou falſe World, what art thou now to me
For I, alas! am ruined by thee.

O whither ſhall I fly? what path untrod?
For to eſcape th' incenſed wrath of God?
Will none for me ſome ſecret place provide,
Where I from flaming Vengeance cloſe may hide?

Truth.

Vain is all this, for none can find a place
To hide from God (ſuch is thy better caſe)
If to the ends of all the Earth you fly,
Vengeance will you purſue with *Hue and Cry.*
If you ſhould take a ſudden haſty flight,
To ſeek ſome ſhelter in the ſhades of Night;
'Twould alſo fail thee, though it ſhould be done:
For unto God Darkneſs and Light is one.
Or, if thou couldſt ſome ſolid Rock eſpy,
To hide thee from God's dreadful Majeſty.
Can Rocks, doſt think, prevent, yea, or reſtrain
The ſtroke of Juſtice, and not fly in twain?
There is no Sea, nor Shade, nor Rock, nor Cave,
Which can from Vengeance ſhelter thee or ſave.
The Sea would part, the hardeſt Rock will ſplit:
Where Juſtice aims, her fiery Darts muſt hit.
Canſt thou eſcape, alas! what place is there
To hide from him who's preſent ev'ry where?

Youth.

Oh *Truth!* what ſhall I do, how can I ſtand,
Or bear theſe tortures of God's heavy hand?
My Spirit may Infirmities ſuſtain,
But who can bear this inward cutting pain.

Is there no help, no Salve to heal my Wound;
What, no Phyſitian for me to be found!
Will Tears nor Prayers no help at all afford,
Watchings, Faſtings, nor Hearing of the Word?
Or if that I could live and ſin no more,
O what is ſin, and what's my Gangrene ſore!
O what's the nature of iniquity,
If nought my Soul can cleanſe or purifie?
Rivers of Oyl, much Gold, or Earthly Wealth
Will not redeem my Soul, nor purchaſe health.
Ah! I am loſt! the cauſe is truly ſo,
I am undone, and know not what to do!
Have you no word of Comfort now for me?
Oh! muſt I die in this extremitie?

Truth.

Doſt find thy ſelf ſick at the very heart?
And doth my ſearchings make thy Wounds ſmar
Doth ſin, as ſin, upon thy Spirit ly? (ſmar
And doth its weight and burden make thee cry?
Doſt know thy wound is Epidemical?
And that for thee there is no help at all
By Law nor Levite? doſt thou ſee thy loſs,
And thy own Righteouſneſs to be but droſs?

Youth.

I know not what to ſay, I am in doubt
Some Sin is hid, which yet I can't find out.
My heart is deep and very traiterous;
Every day I find it worſe and worſe.

I grie

I grieve for ſin, and yet I am in dread
That I in ſin am greatly hardened.
Yet this, O *Truth*, I hope is wrought in me,
Sin I do hate as 'tis inquitie.
I would not Chriſt offend nor grieve again,
Were there no Hell or place of future pain:
O that e're I againſt the Lord ſhould ſin,
Who has to me ſo good and gracious bin.
Againſt the Lord, againſt the Lord alone,
Have I this horrid evil often done.
Oh! I do ſee that I in ſin am dead,
And my iniquity's gone o're my head,
As a great burden which I cannot bear,
Oh! that I might but of a Saviour hear.
All my own Righteouſneſs I prize no more,
Than ſtinking refuge of a Common-ſhore.

Truth.

Come Youth, chear up, if this be ſo indeed,
I tell thee then Chriſt for thy Soul did bleed.
Glad tydings now I unto thee do bring,
There's Mercy for thee in the Heav'nly King.
Chriſt to appeaſe God's Wrath did hither come,
And I am ſent by him to call thee home.
Riſe up, riſe up, his blood for to apply,
And thou ſhalt ſoon be healed perfectly.

Youth.

Ah! could I but believe what thou doſt ſay
Unto my Soul, 'twould be a joyful day.

Alas!

Alas! on me a mighty burden lies,
I cannot ſtir, nor power have to riſe.
Can *Lazarus*, who in the Grave doth ly,
Death's cruel Fetters and ſtrong Bands unty?
Can he awake? what pow'r has he to ſtrive,
When dead, and ſtinks? alas! he can't revive,
Although dead but four days: then how ſhall I,
Who have lay'n dead in my iniquity
Ever ſince *Adam* (as it plain appears)
Which is indeed above five thouſand years?
Jehovah which at firſt my heart did make,
Muſt by his Pow'r it into pieces take;
That ſo he may create my heart a-new,
E're good from Chriſt doth to my Soul accrue,
'Tis he muſt give me pow'r to will and do,
And raiſe up e're I can creep or go.

Truth.

Though that be true, yet harken unto me,
And take the Counſel which I'le give to thee?
And thou ſhalt find, as ſure as God's above,
He will thy Fears and all thy Doubts remove,
And raiſe thee up out of the empty Pit,
And on a Rock alſo ſtill ſet thy feet.
Firſt thing of all which to you I commend,
Be ſure you don't your Conſcience more offend.
Do not grieve that, but alwayes take great care
In every thing to prove your ſelf ſincere.
He that in Morals walks not faithfully,
No marvel 'tis if Chriſt do paſs him by.

In ev'ry Nation thoſe accepted are,
Who walk uprightly, and the Lord do fear!
Thoſe who do follow on to know the Lord,
He will to them his ſaving help afford.
I do exhort you in the ſecond place,
For to attend upon all means of grace.
Do not neglect to hear God's bleſſed Word,
But prize each ſeaſon which the precious Lord
Is pleas'd in mercy on you to beſtow,
For unto you thereby much good will flow.
My third advice, make uſe of ſpeedily,
Lift up your voice, unto the Lord on high!
Pour forth your Soul to him both night and day,
And you'l prevail, though he at firſt ſay nay.
Though you at firſt may with repulſes meet.
Your Soul yet proſtrate at *Jehovah*'s feet.
He's full of bowels, long he can't refrain
E're he comes forth to eaſe you of your pain.
Thy prayers, and tears, and ſpiritual contrition,
Will move his heart to ſend thee a Phyſician,
Who will apply a Plaiſter to thy Wound,
Which will hereafter ever make thee ſound.
Chriſt's blood will heal, 'twill cleanſe and purify,
If now the ſame by Faith you do apply.
Such grief is thine, no Med'cine will do good,
Nor heal thy Soul but thy dear Saviour's blood.
The good *Samaritan* will caſt a look,
Though thou of Prieſt and Levite art forſook?
Into thy Wounds he'l pour in Oyl and Wine,
The which will heal that bleeding Soul of thine.

O Cry

O Cry to God, my ſiſter *Grace* to ſend,
'Tis ſhe at laſt will prove thy ſpecial Friend.
If God is pleaſed but to ſend her down,
Thy head with Glory ſhe will ſtraightway crow
But here I'le advertiſe thee firſt of all,
Be ſure you do for the right Siſter call:
For there are two, and both of one Sirname,
The one is lovely fair, the other lame.
The one is common, th' other chaſte and pure,
And will be true to thee thou mayſt be ſure.
The one will dwell where Sin predominates,
The other loaths, and bitterly it hates,
And makes a thorow-change where ſhe doth dwe
And will all filth out of that heart expel,
Where ſhe doth take up here ſure reſting-place;
Rare is the nature of true ſaving Grace.
Thy ſtubborn will ſhe'l make for to ſubmit,
And thy Affection's change as ſhe thinks fit.
Thy heart ſhe can new-mould, & make it ſoft,
And will bring down each high & ſinful though
The old-man ſhe will into pieces tare,
She'l cut and kill, and nothing will ſhe ſpare,
That's oppoſite unto the Prince of Light,
She'l put the Devil to a ſpeedy flight;
She'l make him leave his ſtrongeſt Hold, and run
And quite forſake his former Gariſon.
She'l take no pity on the Old-man's Age,
She'l pay him off for all his wrath and Rage,
And curſed Malice, Pride, and every Sin,
Which a-long-time he has the Author bin.

'Tis ſhe can work upon the Covetous,
And change his heart to keep an open-houſe,
To give and to diſtribute of his ſtore,
To th' cloathing and refreſhing of the Poor.
'Tis ſhe brings down the proud and lofty mind,
Which naturally was to that vice inclin'd.
'Tis ſhe can tame the wild ſtrong-headed Youth.
And make the Liar always tell the truth.
'Tis ſhe which makes the froward very meek,
And the revengeful not revenge to ſeek.
'Tis ſhe which quenches young-men's luſtful fire,
And makes them to diſdain that baſe deſire.
'Tis ſhe will make thy Soul for to defie
Each *Dalila*, and all Hypocriſie.
She's like to Oyl and Wine, and will give peace
And inward joy, which never more ſhall ceaſe.
'Tis ſhe muſt put Chriſt's bleſſed Robes on thee,
And bring thy Soul out of Captivitie.
'Tis ſhe muſt thee adorn and beautifie,
And make thee lovely in Chriſt Jeſus eye.
Oh! ſhe'l inflame thy Soul with precious love
To Chriſt alone, which none ſhall ne're remove.
'Tis ſhe which ties that conjugal bleſt knot,
Which can't be broke, or ever be forgot.
'Tis ſhe that makes Chriſt and the Saints but one,
And makes them of his very fleſh and bone.
'Tis ſhe will help thee in this time of need,
Yea, a Diſciple will thee make indeed.
And this to thee alſo I muſt declare,
Thou of this *Grace* ſhalt have a part and ſhare.

Since

Since 'twas for thee thy precious Lord did dy,
He can't thy Soul of saving Grace deny.
Give him no rest, 'till more he doth give forth,
For to compleat in thee the second Birth.
Be earnest with him, strive to hold him fast,
And thou, like *Jacob*, wilt prevail at last.
Though he at first may seem to stop his ear,
Yet importunity will make him hear.
Thy time I'm sure it is the time of love,
And thy deep wounds will make him from abov
To pity thee, and for to cast an eye,
As thou polluted in thy blood dost lie;
What e're is needful to thee he will give,
And raise thee up to life, and make thee live;
Yea, manifest to thee such consolation,
As for to cloath thee with his own Salvation.
Come, make a tryal, and do not despair,
Look up to Heaven, Soul, thy help is there.

Youth.

Thy Counsel I resolve to take with speed.
If 'twas for me Christ on the Cross did bleed;
I will send up a sigh, a bitter groan,
And earnestly implore his gracious Throne.
Most Holy God, who dwellest in the Light!
Ah! what am I before thee in thy sight?
Wilt thou attend, or listen to my Cry?
Thou knowest my grief, and where my pain doth lie.
Canst thou not ease my deeply wounded Soul,
Who in my blood am forc'd to lie and roul?

Is there no Balm in Gilead, *is there none?*
Into dark ſilence then, Lord, I'le begone.
Where are thy Bowels, is thy Mercy fled?
Lord, think upon the blood Chriſt Jeſus ſhed,
If thou can't heal my Soul of all its grief,
Then let me periſh without all relief.
Why were thy ſides pierced, Lord Jeſus, why?
Didſt ſuffer for thy own Iniquity?
There was no ſin, I'm ſure, nor guilt in thee
That cauſ'd thy pains; didſt thou not die for me?
Didſt thou not Juſtice fully ſatisfie,
And pay the debt? Muſt I in Priſon lie,
When Reſtitution's made i'th' higheſt degree?
Oh! come and ſet my Soul at libertie.
Knock off theſe bolts and chains, and bring me forth
Out of this Pit, deep Mire, and bands of Death.
Lord, muſt I bleed? did I not bleed before
In thy ſad Wound? can Juſtice challenge more?
O! ſhall my heart-ſtrings break? my Soul doth groan:
I languiſh, Lord, whilſt thou ſtand'ſt looking on.
Lord, doſt thou hear the Ravens when they cry?
And wilt thou not my preſent wants ſupply?
Wilt thou the door of Mercy ne're unlock?
Lord, open unto me, now I do knock.
O Son of David, *help; think on thy Word,*
And unto me ſome Mercy, Lord, afford.

Jesus.

What voice is this? who is't that makes this cry?
What sinful Wretch is in extremity,
That thus implores for help, and follows me;
That takes no nay, although I silent be?

Youth.

Lord, 'tis a poor dejected piece of Earth,
That is undone, and sighs for a new-birth.

Jesus.

Was I not sent only to Jacob's *race?*
How com'st thou then to have so bold a face
To importune me, when ye know full well
You are not of the stock of Israel?
Come you not of the cursed Gentile *seed?*
Begone from me, and further don't proceed.

Youth.

Ah! help, dear Lord, and some compassion shou
For to whom else, or whither can I go?

Jesus.

Is't meet that I should give to Dogs that bread,
With which the Children should be nourished?

Youth.

True, Lord, that I do grant, and ever shall:
Yet may the Dogs eat up those Crums which fall
Fro

From their own Maſter's Table: though a whelp,
Lord, look on me, O precious Saviour, help.

Jeſus.

What aileſt thou, poor Soul, what's thy condition,
Which makes thee ſhed theſe tears of ſad contrition?

Youth.

My grief, my pain, and great extremitie,
Lord, thou doſt know, and all my wants doſt ſee.
Ah! I have ſin'd, and am ſo vile and baſe,
I hate my ſelf, and loath my preſent caſe.
I am a lump of filth, wholly unclean,
A viler Creature there has never been.
I languiſh, Lord, my wounds they are not ſmall;
And I have wounded thee, that's worſt of all.

Jeſus.

Come, ceaſe thy grief, what is't thou doſt deſire?
My Soul doth melt, my heart is ſet on fire;
My bowels yearn, I longer can't refrain
From tears, as well as thee, I am in pain:
Thy wounds afflict me, and thy bitter cry
Doth pierce my heart, I know thy miſery.
What is it, Soul? ſpeak forth thy mind to me;
What doſt thou crave, or ſhall I do for thee?
Come, ope thy heart to me, for I am nigh
Thy ſuit to grant, thy wants for to ſupply.

Youth.

'Tis not for Riches, nor for Pleaſures here,
Nor Honours, which by men ſo prized are,
Nor length of days, Lord do I ſeek or crave,
'Tis ſomething elſe my Soul doth long to have.
The Earth's a blaſt, and all this World's a bubble
There's nothing in't can eaſe me of my trouble.
Such is my ſtate, nought but thy hand can ſave,
'Tis thou muſt raiſe dead *Laz'rus* from the grave.
Knock off theſe bolts, and ſet thy Priſoner free,
And give thy Grace (Lord Jeſus) unto me.
My fainting Spirit comfort and refreſh,
O Spare my Soul, but crucifie the fleſh;
Compleat thy Work (Lord Jeſus) on my heart,
And thy own Righteouſneſs to me impart.
There's nought I ſee will do me any good,
Save the dear Merit of thy precious blood.
My bleeding Soul will faint away and dy,
If thou doſt not thy blood with ſpeed apply.
How has my panting breaſt ſent many groan,
With bitter tears, up to thy gracious Throne,
For one ſweet look and aſpect of thine eye?
There's nothing elſe which will me ſatisfie:
Oh! manifeſt thy Love unto my Soul,
For that will cure me, and make me whole.
My gaſping Soul's diſſolv'd into tears,
Whilſt pleas'd with hopes, and yet poſſeſs'd with fears
My great requeſt, alas! is only this,
Come ſeal thy Love to me with a ſweet kiſs:

For nought is there in Earth, nor Heaven above,
Which I eſteem or Value like thy Love.
A Promiſe grant, ſome word to lie upon,
Before my life and little hopes are gone.
My Soul's afraid, and trembles thou doſt ſee,
Before I know how I unworthy be:
Ah! I have made thee bleed, I am ſo vile;
Thy frowns I do deſerve, but not one ſmile.
How did I grieve and put thy Soul to pain!
The thoughts of it doth cut my heart in twain.
Thy Meſſengers, how did my Soul refuſe!
And my poor Conſcience wickedly abuſe:
Who did receive Commiſſion from above,
Either to clear, or ſharply to reprove.
I unto *Truth* oft-times turn'd a deaf ear,
And unto *Satan* rather did adhere.
I ſlighted thee, and ſin I did embrace,
Which ſhames me greatly to look in thy face.
If thou ſhouldſt pardon ſuch a one as I,
And ſave my Soul to all Eternity,
And me imbrace in a contract of love,
And all thy wrath for ever quite remove:
It would be Grace and Love beyond degree,
And ſuch which never can expreſſed be.
O, wilt thou ſpeak again! dear Saviour do,
A Promiſe, Lord, or I'le not let thee go.

Jeſus.

What Faith haſt thou, poor Soul, canſt thou believe,
And ſtedfaſtly my benefits receive?

Dost think that I have pow'r and a heart
To save, to help, and free thee from thy smart?

Youth.

My Faith, alas! is weak, O send relief!
Lord, I believe, O help my unbelief!
That precious Voice which I did lately hear,
Will soon remove my doubts, and all my fear.
If Love as well as pity thou dost show,
'Twill give me joy, and take away my wo.
But thou may'st, Lord, my Soul commiserate,
And yet may I be in a dying state.
Over *Jerusalem* thou didst lament,
Who had no saving Grace for to repent.
Is there in thee such bowels of compassion,
As to bestow thy self and thy Salvation
On such a Worm as I, whose wounded brest,
Is heavy loaded, and would fain have rest?
O help, dear Lord; my fainting Soul will dy,
Without an answer from the speedily.

Jesus.

Look up to me, and see my Love descending,
'Tis from Eternity, and has no ending.
Canst thou have more, dear Soul! thou hast my heart;
What e're is mine, to thee I will impart.
Thy scarlet-sins are washed quite away,
Not one of them unto thy charge I'le lay.
Pull up thy drooping heart, be of good chear,
Thy sins, though ne're so great, forgiven are.

I able am to ſave to th' uttermoſt,
All thoſe who do in me put all their truſt.
Thoſe which do come to me, I in no wiſe
Will cast them out, therefore lift up thine eyes:
Behold my hands and feet, and do not doubt,
For I have waſht and cleans'd thy Soul throughout.
Thy debts I've paid, and quitted the old ſcore;
Thy former faults I'le ne're remember more.
Enter the Royal Fort, thou haſt obtain'd
Th' fountain of pleaſure, holy love unſtain'd:
Take up thy lodging in Eternal Love.
What's here below? thy treaſure is above.
Chear up, poor heart, I tell thee thou art mine,
My blood was ſhed to ſave that Soul of thine:
With endleſs joys thy Soul I'le ſatisfie,
And in my Boſom ever ſhalt thou lie.
In my enfolded Arms I now do take thee,
And do engage I never will forſake thee.
I'th' fire and in the water I'le be neer,
And help thee through all grief and troubles here:
Yea, I'le be with thee always to the end,
And Death at laſt I'le cauſe to be thy Friend;
And make its paſſage alſo unto thee,
Only an entrance to felicitie.
Rivers of Pleaſures thou ſhalt have to th' brim,
Wherein the Prophets and Apoſtles ſwim:
And with great Glory thou ſhalt crowned be,
And on the Throne ſit down alſo with me.
World, Death, nor Devil ever ſhall remove
My heart from thee; for thoſe I truly love,

I love to th' end: Ah! Soul 'tis thou ſhalt lie,
In my own Arms to all Eternitie.

Youth.

Darkneſs is gone, day-light begins to ſpring;
Heavens melody I find is the ſweeteſt thing.
The Sun is riſen now, it is broke forth,
And glorioufly inlightens my dark earth.
My Soul is raviſh'd with this joyful ſight,
Yea, and diſſolv'd with love and true delight;
My heart is melted with Cœleſtial fire,
And has obtain'd at length it's own deſire.
My frozen Soul muſt needs run down amain,
Which ſuch hot beams from *Jeſus* doth obtain:
The door is open'd, Chriſt has giv'n a knock
Has made it fly, and hath diſſolv'd the rock.
My heart which was ſo hard is made to yield,
Chriſt has o'recome me now and wone the field.
The War is ceas'd between the Lord and I,
A Peace is made to all Eternity.
What joy is this! Ah, 'tis beyond meaſure,
There's nothing like to inward joy and pleaſure.
As was my burden, ſo I find my reſt,
O that was great! and this can't be expreſt.
What heart can taſte of theſe tranſcendent joys,
And not account Earth's pleaſures empty toys!
Such is the nature of a ſecond birth,
Makes Heav'n on Earth, turns ſorrow into mirth.
Once was I blind, ſenſeleſs, bewitch'd, nay, mad;
I thought in Chriſt no comfort could be had.

Religion

Religion was, I thought, a fooliſh thing,
Which could no pleaſure nor no profit bring.
I thought Profeſſors greatly were miſled,
When I beheld what things they ſuffered:
But I am now convinc'd of my miſtake,
For I my ſelf could, for Chriſt Jeſus ſake,
Any deriſion or affliction bear,
Such inward peace in him, and joy is there.
"What man would not all earthly glory ſlight,
"For one ſmall dram, or taſte of ſuch delight?
To have Chriſt's Love, and in his boſom lie,
Yields true content, and ſweet felicitie.
Ah happy I, I live! my Soul's involv'd
In ſecret raptures, ſighs to be diſſolv'd,
And be with Chriſt my home and reſting-place,
For to injoy and ſee him face to face.
And in the int'rim, Lord, whilſt here I ſtay,
I faithfully will do what thou doſt ſay.
And help me, Lord, thy praiſe for to declare
To all precious Children far and near.
O help me to lift up my voice on high!
Let joyfull *Hallelujahs* pierce the sky,
And eccho back again, reſound on Earth,
Since thou haſt wrought in me the ſecond birth:
Let me with the Cœleſtial Angels ſing,
And make thy Praiſes round the World to ring!
Thou'ſt brought my Soul out of th' loweſt Pit,
And in the paths of *Sion* ſet my feet!
Thou haſt from Darkneſs brought me into Light,
And to mine eyes thou haſt reſtored ſight!

Nay, haſt my Soul ſav'd from Eternal death,
And ſhall not I thy praiſes, Lord, ſing forth?
O let my tongue, my heart, and life make know
The favour, Lord, which to me thou haſt ſhown.
Let me aloft, by thy bleſt Grace, aſpire
To ſound thy praiſe with the Cœleſtial Quire!
With ſwift wing'd *Cherubims*, Lord, let me joyn,
To magnifie that glorious Name of thine.
Let not remainers of the fleſh diſturb
My precious peace, that's new: O do thou curb
Yea, kill and crucifie each evil thought,
With vengeance let thoſe Rebels down be brough
And let me on the Earth live all my days
Unto thy Glory and tranſcendent praiſe.
And then, great God, when theſe ſhort days are o'
With *Seraphims* I'le ſing for evermore.

Truth.

What Melody and Triumph do I hear?
Whoſe voice is this that ſoundeth in mine ear?
What Eagle-ey'd Soul's this that ſoars on high.
That with ſwift-wings aloft doth mount and fly
And in Eternal Love ſeems to lie down,
Adorn'd with Grace, and raviſh'd with the Crow
Of inward Peace? that taketh up its reſt
At Jeſus Chriſt's ſweet ſatisfying breaſt,
And breaketh forth in raptures, can't expreſs,
As he would do, his humble thankfulneſs?

Youth.

Youth.

'Tis I, bleſt *Truth*, the Conqueſt now is wone,
Grace has prevail'd, I am the conquer'd one:
My grief is turn'd to joy, yea and my night
Is alſo chang'd into Eternal Light.
Thy power's great, when *Grace* doth work with thee,
Ye ſoon do then obtain the victorie.
Bleſt be the day that ever thou waſt ſent,
To change my heart, and move me to repent!
Dear love to thee, O *Truth*, I ſhall retain
So long as I upon the Earth remain.
I'le keep thee cloſe, and hide thee in my heart,
For thou more precious than rich Jewels art.
I'le loſe my All before I'le part with thee,
So much I love and prize thy companie.
Though Satan ſtir up foes never ſo cruel,
Devils nor Men ſhall rob me of this Jewel.
I am reſolv'd a thouſand deaths to dy,
Before I will God's bleſſed Truth deny.
Though of Deceivers there's a multitude,
Yet none of them ſhall my poor Soul delude.
Though they do thee reproach, ſlight and contemn
I by Exper'ence can refute all them,
Who ſay thy words nought but dead letters are,
Which men may burn, or into pieces tare:
The out-ſide of the Book they only ſee,
Who thus do ſpeak reproachfully of thee:
For did they but thy inward power know,
They'd never ſpeak, as oftentimes they do:

But

But ſoon they would God's written Word extol,
Above that Light which they cry up in all.
The Light which *Conſcience* unto me doth give,
I'le alwayes own as long as I do live,
But from God's Word doth its chief light deſcend
Therefore the Holy Scriptures I'le commend:
For had we not God's Word to light our hearts,
The Heathens which do live in Forraign parts,
Who never heard of Chriſt, might underſtand
As much as any do in this our Land:
Alas! we ſhould have been unto this day,
In all reſpects as Ignorant as they.
But I'le forbear, becauſe I muſt with ſpeed
Attend upon God's Truth with care and heed,
To hear what he will ſay; O *Truth* wilt thou
Concerning me ſhew forth thy Judgment now?
I do intreat thee prove me thorowly,
For ſtill I do retain a jealouſie.
Over my heart, becauſe that I have ſeen
How I deceived oftentimes have been.

Truth.

Conſcience, to thee I muſt once more deſcend,
The Controverſie thou alone muſt end:
How is it with him now? what doſt thou ſay?
Haſt any thing unto his Charge to lay?
Remember what I formerly have ſhown,
And let thy preſent thoughts with ſpeed be know

Con

Conſcience.

I always ready am Judgment to give,
According to the Light I do receive,
And never was more free than now am I
My thoughts to ſhew ; your ſuit I can't deny.
O Sir ! the caſe is chang'd ! I am his Friend,
His ſweet Condition I muſt needs commend.
Grace has ſubdu'd corruption in his heart,
That he's made clean, and waſh'd in every part.
My teſtimony you may take for truth,
He's now become a very humble Youth ;
He's truly Godly, Faithful, and Sincere,
I do for him, and ſhall my witneſs bear :
All kind of Evil doth his Soul deſie,
And hates above all things Hypocriſie :
Will and Affections now are changed quite,
That in the Lord alone is his delight.
There's no Commands of Chriſt, not any one
That he's convinc'd of, but he has done :
He faithfully alſo the Lord obeys,
Without excuſes, put-offs, or delays.
He grieveth moſt for ſins that ſecret are,
Which unto men do not i'th' leaſt appear.
He's more in ſubſtance than he is in ſhow,
When high'ſt in joy, his heart is very low.
All his own Righteouſneſs he doth diſown,
And does rely on Jeſus Chriſt alone.
Chriſt is become ſo precious in his ſight,
He's firſt with him i'th' morn, and laſt at night.

He

He willingly has taken up the Croſs,
And doth account what e're is his but droſs;
And parts with it moſt freely, Chriſt to gain,
Since he hath found Earth's beſt injoyments vain.
Chriſt he exalts as King i'th' higheſt degree,
And gives each Office its full dignitie.
He uſes me alſo moſt tenderly,
Becauſe he knows that my Authority
Is from a bove, it is for Jeſus ſake
He ſides with me, and doth reſolve to take
My part alwayes, what ere he doth ſuſtain,
He I rather ſuffer than wound me again.
Chriſt has in me ſet up his bleſſed Throne,
And over me no other King he'l own:
Chriſt muſt alone in me the Scepter ſway,
And he will die before he'l give a way
Chriſt's Right and Soveraignty in his dear Soul.
He is reſolv'd to ſuffer no controul,
In things alone which to me appertain,
Fear leaſt thereby Chriſt's Glory he ſhould ſtain.

Truth.

Oh! happy young-man! bleſſed from above,
Bleſſed with Grace, and raviſht with the love,
Of thy Eternal Lord, in whoſe ſweet breaſt
Thou now doſt lie, and evermore ſhalt reſt.
Thy Honor's laſting, now it can't decay,
Thy Treſure's ſure, Thieves can't ſteal't away:
Thy Pleaſures are beyond thought or conceit,
And thy rare Beauty is without deceit.

Thy

Thy Strength, thy Wiſdom, nor thy Youth ſhall fade,
Nor canſt thou die, thou art immortal made.
Eternal Life is given unto thee,
And thou ſhalt reign to all Eternitie.

Vicinus.

There's none on Earth is able to expreſs,
The inward peace this Young-man doth poſſeſs;
Whilſt to his joy, he clearly doth eſpy
This bleſſed Concord, and rare Harmony:
Conſcience and *Truth* moſt ſweetly do agree,
He's free'd from Bondage and Captivitie.
Chriſt's Spirit doth with *Conſcience* witneſs bear,
He's born of God, and is become an Heir
(With his dear Saviour) of Eternal bliſs:
What Conſolation can there be like this?
But whilſt thus fill'd with joy and true delight,
The Devil falls on him with all his might;
With ſtrong aſſaults, his Faith for to deſtroy,
Which much abates, and mitigates his joy:
But Satan failing in his Enterprize,
In one reſpect, another way he tries;
And with malicious threats, he breaketh forth,
Spiting his venome and his helliſh wrath:
Which in ſome meaſure may to you appear,
By what immediately doth follow here.

Devil.

Hearк, hearк, thou curſed wretch, vengeance is mine,
And I'le repay't upon that Soul of thine;

In dreadful wrath I will contend with thee,
If thou wilt not again submit to me.
Will not my shining Glory thee invite,
Nor all my Agents thy Soul affright,
To leave those cursed ways in which you go?
Then I'le some way contrive your overthrow.
Though out of your Dominions I am beat,
And forced am at present to Retreat;
Yet I'le return like to a Lion strong,
And break thy bones in pieces ere't be long.

Youth.

Father of Lyes, dost think I dread thy frown,
'Tis past thy skill to throw my Glory down;
Thy head is broke, thou art a beaten Foe,
And chained up; alas! thou canst not do
According to thy wrath and cursed spight,
Christ's Power is mine, who stronger is in Might
Me he'l not leave, though tempted am by thee,
Yet he knows how to help and succour me.
What matter is't although thou art inraged,
When the great Pow'r of Heaven is ingaged
To side with me always, and take my part:
Though thou a Lion and a Serpent art,
Yet mayst as soon the Lord of Life o'recome,
As to produce or work my final Doom,
So long as I do for his Glory stand,
And am obedient to his blest Command.

Devil.

But I have ſo much craft and ſubtilty,
That I can make the Lord thine Enemy;
Though thou doſt think he is become thy Friend,
I'le by temptation move thee to offend
Him ere't be long; and ſoon you will eſpy
In's anger you he'l caſt off utterly:
And then I'le tear and rend you as I liſt,
And you ſhall have no power to reſiſt.

Youth.

God has beſtow'd on me his precious Grace,
That I abhor the thoughts of giving place
To thee, O Satan, though thou doſt intice;
God will preſerve my Soul from deadly vice:
But if through weakneſs him I ſhould offend,
In bowels he'l to me his Pardon ſend.
Chriſt is my Advocate; God will paſs by
All ſins of Weakneſs and Infirmity.
Although he uſe the Rod, his precious Love
I'm ſure from me he never will remove.

Devil.

Your hopes will fail, alas! black clouds will hide
Your glorious Sun, your ſteps will quickly ſlide:
Your morning's bright, but ſoon 'twill over-caſt,
And all your joy will ſcarce a moment laſt.
Though Truth *doth now thy preſent ſtate commend,*
Yet you will find the Proverb true i'th' end.

That the young Saint will an old Devil be:
You'l die and periſh in Apoſtaſie.

Youth.

'Cauſe thou haſt loſt thy former happy ſtate,
With malice thou ſtir'ſt up thy bitter hate
Againſt my Soul, thou ſhow'ſt thy wicked ſpite,
But thy vile teeth are broke, thou canſt not bite.
Thou doſt on me caſt forth an env'ous frown,
Becauſe thou haſt for ever loſt thy Crown.
Becauſe thy morning's turned into night,
Doſt think thou ſhalt my Soul amaze and fright
With ſuch inſnaring thoughts? I thee defie,
Nothing can break that bleſſed Band and Tie,
Or Covenant which Chriſt with me has made,
My ſtanding's firm, my Crown can never fade.
He that has in my Soul this work begun,
Will finiſh it I'm ſure e're he has done.
There's ne're a Lamb or Sheep of his dear fold,
But he will keep, he has of them ſuch hold,
That in the midſt of danger they ſhall ſtand,
And none ſhall pluck them out of his ſtrong hand.
They by his Pow'r are kept in ev'ry Nation,
'Till they'r ſafely brought unto Salvation.
Upon the Rock of Ages I am placed,
And my foundation never can be raz'd. (move
Though the Mountains ſhould depart and Hills re
Yet Chriſt will never change in his dear Love.
Nor cauſe his Covenant of laſting peace
To be remov'd, nor his ſweet Mercy ceaſe.

The *Truth* and *Conſcience* both joyntly agree,
That the new-bitth is truly wrought in me.
Th' Immortal ſeed I'm ſure muſt needs bring forth
A Babe Immortal; my Heavenly birth
Doth ſhew to all, and clearly ſignifie,
I cannot periſh in Apoſtacy.
The Head and Members of one Nature are,
Or elſe Chriſt's Body a ſtrange Monſter were.
As ſure as He's in Heaven, ſo ſhall I,
And reign with him to all Eternity.

Devil.

My words I ſee no place at all can find
Within the Center of thy evil mind:
I'll leave thee therefore with my dreadful Curſe,
Which is as bad as Hell, nay, it is worſe
Than all the Plagues of the infernal Lake;
And let all thoſe who love me, vengeance take
Upon ſo vile a wretch: and though I do
Forſake thee now, within a day or two
I'll come again, and will thy Soul torment,
Unleſs that ſpeedily thou doſt repent.

Youth.

O Lord, I praiſe thee for that glorious Pow'r,
Which helpt my Soul in ſuch a needful hour
Of ſtrong aſſaults from the vile wicked one;
Thou help'ſt me to reſiſt him, and he's gone.
Therefore, dear God, be pleaſed to inflame
My heart with Grace to magnifie thy Name:

And when he comes again, O then be near,
And let thy *Truth* also for me appear:
Though I am young and weak, I shall thereby
Not fear the assaults of any Enemy.
Come, speak, O *Truth*, wilt still be on my side?
'Tis in thy strength I very much confide.
Though I am feeble, thou art mighty strong;
And whilst for me, there's none can do me wrong.

Truth.

I will, dear Soul, support thee whilst on Earth
And save thee from the rage of Hell and Death:
I will assist thee by my mighty Arm,
And keep thee day and night from hurt and harm:
And with my glitt'ring Sword cut down and slay
All cursed Enemies who thee gain-say.

Grace.

If *Truth* should fail, I will thy wants supply,
Thou need'st not doubt of my sufficiency.
Light I will be in Darkness, Joy in Grief,
And when in Trouble great, I'll bring Relief.
If alwaies thou dost on my Arm rely,
The *Devil* will be forc'd with speed to fly.
Never on me did any Soul depend,
But they obtain'd Deliv'rance in the end.
I'll help thy Soul through all its Christian strife,
And bring thee safe to Everlasting Life.

Con-

Conſcience.

I'll be the *third* that will lend thee an hand,
We'll all combine to make a triple band.
A threefold Cord can't eaſily broken be,
I'le be a Friend in thine Adverſitie.
There's not a Foe on Earth thou needſt to fear,
So long as I for thee my witneſs bear,
That thou in Truth doſt walk before the Lord,
And that thy ways do with his Word accord;
The evil Foe will be aſhamed quite,
Whilſt faithfully thou walk'ſt up to thy Light;
And Satan never can get any ground,
Whilſt I declare thy heart is truly ſound.
Chear up, poor Soul, I'le feaſt thee conſtantly,
And plead for thee before the Enemy.
My ſweeteſt Wine alſo I'le keep to th' end,
At death I will thy Soul with that befriend.
God's Word that is thy ground in every thing,
His Glory is thy aim, from thence doth ſpring
All ſervice thou doſt do towards the Lord,
His Spirit therefore to thee he'l afford,
That doth bear witneſs for thee, ſo do I,
And will alſo when thou doſt come to dy.

AN APPENDIX

Containing a Dialogue between an old Apoſtate, and young Profeſſor.

Apoſtate.

HOw many ſtraights and croſſes have I met,
Since I my ſelf to ſeek for *Canaan* ſet?
Red-Seas and Wilderneſſes lye between
Why venture I for what I ne'r have ſeen?
Why can I not here where I am Remain?
Or to my old delights turn back again.
My head has been perplext with cares and fears,
Since to theſe Preachers I inclin'd mine ears.
They were but fancies that diſturb'd my mind,
I ſought for ſomething which I could not find.
Would God in *Egypt* I had ſtill remain'd,
For there's no *Canaan* likely to be gain'd.
Conſcience be ſilent, don't diſturb me more
Upon ſuch things, I will no longer pore,
For back to *Egypt* I will now retire
Where I ſhall have things to my hearts deſire.

Deſi

Devil.

Purſue thy purpoſe, thou ſhalt underſtand,
What ere I have ſhall be at thy command:
My Kingdoms great, this world is wholly mine,
Bow down to me, and all ſhall then be thine.
Afraid I was I ſhould have loſt the quite, (ſight.
There's nought like that which here's now in thy
Behold the Bags of Gold which thou ſhalt have,
Honours on earth, riches and pleaſures brave,
When others forc'd in Priſon are to lie;
Thou ſhalt enjoy thy precious liberty.
When Kings and Princes do upon them frown,
Thou ſhalt be held in honour and renown.
Thou haſt much goods laid up for many years,
And long ſhalt live free from all cares and fears.
Thy Seed eſtabliſh'd too ſhall be on Earth,
And thou ſhalt ſpend thy days in joy and mirth:
Thoughts of Religion utterly diſdain,
Nor think of God, or Jeſus Chriſt again.
Phanatick fables never more regard,
The pains of Hell of which thou oft haſt heard,
Are nought ſave fictions of their craſy head.
With fear of nothing are they frightned.
That mad men like, they do tread under feet
Thoſe lovely joys which wiſe men find moſt ſweet.
Religion's nought but a deviſed thing,
Which up at firſt ſome crafty head did bring
To awe the minds of fools, who wanting wit,
Take that for gold that's a mear counterfeit.

The truth of th' Scripture thou haſt cauſe to doubt,
For divers places thou may'ſt ſoon find out
Which inconſiſtent to each other be,
Of what it ſpeaks there is no certaintie.
Conclude in Truth there is no God at all,
Why ſhould'ſt thou be ſo fooliſh as to call
On him, whom thou did'ſt never ſee or know,
Unleſs it's thus; becauſe that moſt do ſo.
Let melancholly fancies now therefore,
Ne'r vex thy mind, nor grieve thee any more.
Enjoy thy ſelf on Earth, and heap up Gold,
No good like that which purſe and bags do hold.
Come eat and drink, to morrow thou muſt die,
And afterwards there's no Eternity
As ſome ſuppoſe, for thou i'th' grave ſhalt rot,
And as the Beaſt be utterly forgot:
But ſince you know it is reproach to them,
Who all Religion utterly contemn.
Thou mayeſt Religious alſo ſeem to be,
For there is one that's very fit for thee.
Mellodious ſounds, ſweet mirth, and Muſick rare,
Do much affect the heart, and charm the ear.
No worſhip on the Earth doth ſuit ſo well
With fleſh or blood, or doth for eaſe excel,
Or with man's intereſt doth ſo well agree,
Like what's maintain'd in famous *Italy*.
That that's the worſhip which for thee I pick,
I'm not againſt thy turning Catholick.
If there's a Heaven, of this thou need'ſt not doubt
An eaſier way for thee I can't find out.

The way's ſo broad, whole Nations walk therein,
And perſons of all ſorts, no let is ſin.
Wer't thou at *Rome*, thou'lt hear melodious ſounds,
Sweet joys and mirth on every ſide abounds:
Fine boys and men raviſhing notes do ſing
Whil'ſt Organs play in Conſort, and Bells ring;
In that brave way thou't have thy liberty
To do ſuch things as others do deny.
Thou mayſt be mad, carouſe, and domineer,
Strict *Roman Catholicks* ſuch things can bear. (curſe,
If thou doſt ſwear, drink healths, yea, or ſhould'ſt
There's few i'th' Church would like the e're the
Or if thou ſhould'ſt ſome curious *Lady* ſpy, (worſe.
Or view ſome pretty Maid with wanton eye,
To court or play with her tho i needſt not fear,
For venial ſins alas all ſuch things are;
And one great help and remedy thou't have,
Which from all grief and danger will thee ſave.
If it fall out by chance at any time (crime,
Thou ſhould'ſt commit ſome great and hainous
There is ſtraight-way the bleſſed Abſolution,
A preſent help, and yet no ſuperſtition.
For a ſmall ſum of mony ſoon is had
A pardon for all ſins, though ne'r ſo bad.
His Holineſs for a few ſhillings can
Murder and Perjury forgive to man;
Nay unto thee can grant a Diſpenſation
To kill and murder any in a Nation;
Who us and th' holy Church hate and oppoſe,
Come trouble not thy ſelf, but ſtraight-way cloſe

With this fam'd *Church*, to whom ſuch powers give
To ope and ſhut with eaſe the Gates of Heaven.
And make that ſin to day which ne'r was ſin,
And that lawful, which lawful ne'r hath bin.
Come buy thee Beads and Crucifix alſo,
And as the Church believes, believe thou too.
For this I hope to ſee o're a few days,
Some thouſands more cleaving to thoſe old ways.
And thou wilt not ſuch advantage gain,
As now thou may'ſt with eaſe I am ſure obtain.
And ſince in kindneſs and affection dear,
I've ſhew'd thee how to be preferred here.
And do engage thy faithful friend to be:
There's ſome ſmall thing I'd have thee do for me
Speak evil of the way thou late waſt in,
Believe them all, and charge them too with ſin.
Their faults lay ope, let nought at all be hid,
Revile, reproach, and ſlander in my ſtead:
Shew how they differ, that they can't agree,
There's little love and want of Charitie.
Of *Canaan* Land raiſe thou an ill report,
To turn them back who are a going for't.
One thing at preſent I would have thee do,
There is a friend of mine which thou doſt know,
Who hath a Son which is indeed his Heir,
That to theſe fooliſh Notions doth adhere.
If he ſhould viſit thee, with ſpeed do thou
Treat with the peeviſh youth, I'le teach thee how
To controvert the cauſe, my place ſupply,
And do what I could not do formerly.

His

His forward zeal will do my Kingdom wrong,
Cauſe others alſo in that way to throng.
And you ſhall alſo ſome deriſion bear
Through his hot zeal, if that you ha'nt a care.

Vicinus.

The thoughts which Satan darts into his mind,
He cloſeth with, and fully is inclin'd
His Councel for to take, what e're become
Of his poor Soul at the great day of Doom.
An Atheiſt he's become in heart and life,
And hath abandon'd all his Chriſtian ſtrife.
He's ready now, and fit for any evil,
An Inſtrument prepared for the Devil.
But ſince the Gentleman and he are met,
I will give way, and hearken how they treat
About this youth, that has of late begun,
Reſolvedly to Heaven for to run.
You'l hear how this Apoſtate will ingage,
To turn him from his bleſſed Pilgrimage.

Apoſtate.

What my old Friend *E. R.* Sir, I am glad
To ſee you once again, yet I am ſad,
And grieved ſore, to ſee you look ſo ill,
What evil Sir, I pray, has you befel?
What is the cauſe of this your preſent grief?
If I can give, or help you to relief,
Or comfort you i'th' leaſt, I willing am,
And ſhall rejoyce, alſo I hither came.

Gent.

Gent.

Ah Sir, my Son, my Heir, doth grive my mind
He from whom I moſt comfort hop'd to find,
Contrariwiſe will prove a plague to me,
Unleſs he can with ſpeed recovered be.
He'll be a Preacher I do think e're long,
He's ſuch a Bookiſh-fool, and ſo headſtrong,
That I have little hopes he'll e're be good;
Here's cauſe of grief, if rightly underſtood.
He is become ſuch a vile Heretick,
That *Rome*'s good Church, and the true Catholick
Moſt vilely, I perceive, he doth diſdain,
And doth, forſooth, tell me he's born again.
I do beſeech ye Sir, do what you can,
If you can't change his mind, there's not a man
I think, in truth, that ever prevail will;
O arm your ſelf therefore, and try your skill;
If you can turn him from theſe waies, then I
Shall be ingag'd to you until I die.
You were deceiv'd your ſelf ſome time ago,
And therefore now more able are to ſhow
The vanity of theſe deviſed waies,
And Bookiſh-fables of theſe ſilly daies.
Having the Scripture in our Mother-tongue
Has been the ruine of us all along:
For, ſince men did our holy Church forſake,
And up new notions of Religion take,
Nought but confuſion in the World we ſee,
And otherwiſe, in truth, 'twill never be

Until their Books i'th' fire all do burn,
And they unto the Ancient Church to turn.

Apoſtate.

I am good Sir of that opinion too,
And ſorry am to hear what now you do
Relate to me, and will alſo in truth
Do what I can to turn that ſilly youth;
For I can ſhew, and make him underſtand
The danger that attends on ev'ry hand.
The hopes of unſeen things will him deceive,
And Faith's but a meer fancy I believe:
That's the chief good which man doth here enjoy,
And that's the evil which doth him annoy,
Or doth deprive him of this joy and bliſs,
None but Phanaticks will deny me this;
Who boaſt of that they never did poſſeſs;
They lie alas, and are (in truth) no leſs
Than frantick fools, for I could never ſee
Of what they ſpeak, there's any certainty.
I will therefore endeavour out of love,
Your Son from theſe deluſions to remove:
And ſince I do perceive he's neer at hand,
I'le take my leave,

Your Servant to Command.

THE

THE PROLOGUE.

ATtend kind Friend, read with a ſerious eye,
And thou ſhalt a ſharp Conflict ſoon eſpy
Between a man quite void of godly fear,
And a dear youth moſt holy and ſincere.
The one affirms all godlineſs is vain,
The other counts it for the greateſt gain.
Mark thou the end of both, and thou ſhalt ſee
What's beſt to chuſe, Grace or Iniquitie.

Apoſtate.

Well met, good Sir, from whence pray did you come

Profeſſor.

I am a ſtranger, and am Trav'ling home.

Apoſtate.

Are you a ſtranger in this Country,

Profeſſor.

Yea, as were all our Fathers formerly.

Apoſtate.

But from whence came ye, let's confer together.

Profeſſor.

From *Egypt* Sir, **Apoſt.** I am Trav'ling thither.

Apoſtate.

What is your buſineſs Sir, that thus in pain
You ſtrive againſt the wind with might and main?
E're further you do go, ſit down, account,
See whether that you run for will ſurmount
The labour great, and loſs you will ſuſtain,
Before the price in Truth ye do obtain.
What place is it to which you think to go,
That to adviſe you I may fully know?
For good inſtruction to you I'le afford,
When I this thing from you have plainly heard.

Profeſſor.

I am for *Canaan*, that moſt Holy Land,
I'le travel thither, as God doth command,
Whoſe worth and value I do know full well,
For Riches it doth far all things excel.
And though all things I loſe e're I come there,
'Twil all my loſſes I am ſure repaire.
The worth of that therefore for which I run,
I did account before I firſt begun.

Apoſtate.

Know you of certain, the place is ſo rare,
You may miſtake, for you were never there.

Profeſſor.

Ah Sir, of it I have a glorious ſight,
Which doth my Soul tranſcendently delight,
Although in perſon there I ne'r have been,
Yet I moſt plain ſweet *Canaan* oft have ſeen:
Beſides, I lately ſpoke with a dear friend,
Who did the other day from thence deſcend;
And unto me it's glory he did ſhow,
It's precious worth from thence I came to know:
Some of its fruit alſo to me he gave,
Which makes me long till I poſſeſſion have.

Apoſtate.

Is't not the fancy of thy craſy-head,
I have likewiſe of ſuch a *Canaan* read;
It may be ſo, or ſo it may not be,
It ne'r ſeem'd real truly unto me.
Who would for things which ſo uncertain are,
Such loſſes ſuffer, and ſuch labor bare.
A Bird i'th' hand's worth two i'th' buſh, ye know,
This Zeal (*poor Lad*) will work thy overthrow.

Profeſſor.

You vainly talk, and live by ſight and ſence,
I walk by faith, which is the evidence
Of things not ſeen, hear with an outward eye,
What thou ſee'ſt not I clearly do eſpy.
'Tis not the fancy of a craſy-brain,
For *Moſes* that it's glory he might gain.

All

All *Egypts* Treaſures quickly did forgo,
Was that the way unto his overthrow?
No, no, dear Sir, he ſaw it was the way
To peace and honour in another day:
The glory real did his Soul behold,
To be ſo great, that never can be told.
If thou hadſt drunk but of its glorious ſprings,
Thou would'ſt it priſe above all earthly things.
If thou hadſt taſted but of *Canaans* honey,
Thou wouldſt eſteemd it more than bags of mony
Although I make, alas, a poor profeſſion,
Yet I have now ſomething in my poſſeſſion.
Lock'd up moſt ſafe within my refreſhed breſt,
More rare than Pearls within a golden Cheſt.
True peace of *Conſcience* that through grace I have,
Which paſſeth all mens knowledge to conceive.
I would of it not be depriv'd again,
If that I might ten thouſand worlds obtain.

Apoſtate.

Tuſh, ſilly Fool, kick Conſcience quite away,
Ne'r mind his motions, nor what he doth ſay.
I ſtifil'd him, and that a good while ſince,
And took revenge for his proud Inſolence.
His gaſping groans I no ways did regard,
But let my heart againſt him grow ſo hard,
That I do judge I have his buſineſs done.
He's dead in truth, and to dark ſilence gone;
That now I can, without the leaſt controul,
Have any pleaſures which delight my Soul.

Profeſſor.

Ah Sir, go on, if that's the choice ye make,
I never will ſuch curſed Councel take.
Who ever doth his Conſcience ſo abuſe,
Doth his dear Maker in like manner uſe.
And though in your poor *Conſcience* now lies ſlain,
I'th' Judgment day will revive again.
And then againſt you his ſad witneſs bare,
And in your face moſt gaſtfully will ſtare.
You'l have the worſt at laſt, I grieve to ſee
You hardned thus in your Iniquitie.

Apoſtate.

My ſorrow's gone, but thine alas will double,
Concerning me, thy ſelf do thou not trouble.
The ſtorms and bluſtering winds are over-paſt,
And very ſafe I am arriv'd at laſt.
In that ſame Port where Princes do delight
For to repoſe, and harbour day and night.
Toſt'd I have been upon the boyſterous Seas,
And 'till of late ne're could find reſt nor eaſe.
But now am ſafely landed, and with good
Shall ſatiated be, whilſt thou art toſs'd i'th flood.
Thou ſhalt poor youth with dreadful ſtorms be hurl'd,
Whilſt I ſhall find a very quiet world.
All thy beſt days are gone, and plung'd thou'lt be
Into ſad Gulphs of woful miſerie.
Unleſs thou doſt recant, & ſtop thy courſe, (worſe
Thou'lt ſee things with thee will grow worſe and
Thoſe fools who do their nicer Conſcience mind,
E're long they ſhall but little friendſhip find.

Pour-

Youth.

Sir, Storm and Tempest do I know attend,
Those who resolve poor Conscience to befriend.
Paul's portion 'twas, who from his very youth,
Had kept good Conscience, and obey'd the truth.
He met with blustering winds, was toss'd about,
Yet did bear up for *Canaan* most devout,
'Till he at last the glorious Voyage made,
Getting the Crown which ne'r away shall fade.
All those who sayl'd this way, have all along,
Met with great opposition and much wrong
From Pyrate Spoylers, and Usurpers, who
Contrived have the Righteous to undo.
This terrefies me not, because that I
Know 'tis the way to true Felicitie.
The gold and precious things the Merchant gains,
Doe quit his cost, and recompence his pains.
The Riches which he brings at his return,
Makes him great dangers oftentimes to run.
So hopes of joys, the which Cælestial are,
Makes me no labour nor no cost to spare.
You are for present things, I further see,
You are for Earth, but Heaven is for me.
You are for pleasures, and for bags of Gold,
I am for that which *Moses* did behold.
You are for ease, what ever it doth cost,
And honours here, though Soul for it be lost.
Who makes the wisest choice, let him declare,
Let Death and Judgment shew who wise men are.

My purpoſe I'le purſue what e're I meet,
My portion's great, my peace, no counterfit.
Heaven is my port, there's ſuch a place I'm ſure,
Nought ſhall intice me nor my ſoul allure.
To loſe my hold I'le keep firm in my ſtation,
Though in my way I meet with tribulation.
Yet I moſt ſafe ſhall there at laſt arrive,
No men nor Devils ever ſhall deprive
My ſoul of that eternal dwelling place,
Such confidence I have obtain'd through grace.

Apoſtate.

If I ſhould grant things which ſo doubtful are,
That there's a *Canaan* or a Heaven where,
Sweet joys abound beyond whats here below:
Yet hard it is for any man to know
The ready way unto that ſeeming place,
Conſider this, Oh 'tis a weighty caſe!
For there's ſo many ways and voices be,
How thou ſhouldſt find the way I do not ſee.
Thou art a ſtranger too thou toldſt, be plain,
Come come young man, turn with me back again.

Youth.

Nothing (dear Sir) more certain is then this,
That there's a Heaven or eternal Bliſs.
The Heathens could by nature light eſpy,
Mans chiefeſt good or beſt felicity.

Muſt

Muſt needs excel the higheſt enjoyments here,
And ſhall this doubtful unto thoſe appear. (known
Who have Gods works (moſt dreadfully made
Yea and his word which very few or non
Who live in any land the like have had,
Shall ſuch turn Atheiſts, this is very ſad.
Is not Jehovah every where made known
By fearful Judgments, which are dayly ſhown,
And why think you I can't the true way find,
Seeing Jeſus has in writing left his mind
In plain Caracters, which whilſt I obſerve,
I from the truth am ſure no ways can ſwarve.
He came from thence himſelf the other day,
And gave directions how to find the way.
This writings firm, 'tis ſigned with his blood,
That the old dragon, with his mighty flood
Of ſuperſtition, and perſecuting fire,
Could not it ſpoil nor gain his curſt deſire.
The holy Scripture God to us have given,
To guide our ſouls in the right way to Heaven.
Though Satan has made oppoſition ſtrong,
Yet ſtill we have it in our mother tongue.
And by this means, moſt plain I come to know,
The very foot ſteps where the flock did go.

Apoſtate.

Though you of Scripture ſeem to make your boaſt,
Your hopes of this will ſuddenly be loſt.
For you much longer it, an't like to have,
Your ſouls and others thus for to deceive.

For holy Church once more will quite deſtroy
This *Engliſh* God, which they ſeem to enjoy.
Thou art unlearn'd, the Scriptures doſt not know,
But wreſteth them unto thy overthrow.

Youth.

They are unlearn'd, whom God has never taught,
But have in Popiſh darkneſs up been brought.
They are unlearn'd, who never had the Spirit,
Who think they can by Works ſalvation merit.
They are unlearn'd, who fooliſhly deny
The Spirits Teachings and Authority.
For to excell all humane Arts and Science,
And on man's teaching wholly have reliance.
They are unlearn'd, or very poorly read,
That teach Chriſt Jeſus is a peice of Bread,
Which Rats and Mice may eat, and vomit up,
And do deny the Layety the Cup.
For thoſe for whom Chriſt did his Body break,
He of the Cup bad them all partake.
They are unlearn'd, who think that Purgatory,
To be ought elſe than a meer fained Story.
They are unlearn'd, whoſe Doctrine doth declare
The Church two heads, doth on its ſhoulders bare.
That Woman which hath any Husbands more
Than only one, is a notorious Whore.
That man's unlearn'd, who learned never hath
The A B C of the True Chriſtian Faith.
That man I grant is wholly yet unlearn'd,
Who never knew himſelf, nor yet diſcern'd

The curſed nature of his hanious ſin,
Nor what eſtate by nature he is in.
That man's unlearn'd who never went to ſchool,
To learn for Chriſt how to become a fool.
That man's unlearn'd, yea and a very ſot,
Who hath his ſoul and Jeſus Chriſt forgot.
And doth eſteem earths empty vanity,
Above that good which Saints in God eſpy.
I am unlearn'd, and yet have learned how
To crucifie the fleſh, yea and to bow
To Jeſus Chriſt, and for his precious ſake,
His yoak and burden willingly to take.
And follow him where ever he doth goe,
And him alone determine for to know.
Who for my ſake upon the Croſs did die,
Him I have learn'd alone to magnifie.
And to exalt him as he's preiſt and King,
And as my prophet too in every thing.
And this through grace I learned have of late,
To be content what ever be my ſtate.
Some things I muſt confeſs I ne'r could learn,
Nor any ways perceive, ſee or diſcern.
I never read of *Peters* tripple Crown,
Nor that he ever wore a Popiſh Gown.
I never learn't that he did *Pope* become,
Or rule o're Kings like to the beaſt at *Rome*.
I never learn'd that he kept Concubins,
Or ever power had to pardon ſins.
I never learn'd he granted diſpenſations,
To poyſon Kings, or Rulers of thoſe Nations.

Who were profane or turned Hereticks,
Or did refuſe the Faith of Catholicks.
I never learn'd he was the Churches head,
Or did forbid the Clergy for to wed.
I never read that he had Cheſts of Gold,
Or that great Benefits by him were ſold.
I never read he's call'd his Holineſs,
Yet had as much as any Pope I gueſs.
I never learn'd *Peter* did magnify
Himſelf above all Gods, or God on high.
Or that upon the neck of Kings he trod,
Or ever he in cloth of Gold was clad.
I never read that he made Laws to burn
Such as were Hereticks, or would not turn
To Jeſus Chriſt, much leſs to Murder thoſe,
Who did in Truth Idolatry oppoſe.
I never learn'd, nor could unto this day,
That th' Pope and *Peter* walk'd both in one way:
Yea, or that they in any thing accord
Save only in denying of the Lord.
In that they alſo greatly differ do,
Of which I think to give a hint or two.
Peter deny'd him, yet did love him dear,
The Pope denys him, and doth hatred bear
To him, and to all thoſe that him do love,
Who bear his Image, and are from above.
Peter deny'd him, and did weep amain,
The Pope denys him with the greateſt diſdain.
Peter deny'd him, yet for him did die,
The Pope in malice him doth crucifie.

Peter deny'd him thrice, and then repented,
The Pope a thouſand times, but ne'r relented.
Peter and *John* no mighty Scholars were,
Yet few for knowledg might with them compare.
Poor Fiſher-men do find the way to Heaven,
When Scholars go aſtray, who Arts have ſeven.
The Learned Schoolmen put our Lord to Death,
And very few of ſuch Chriſt called hath.
But poor deſpiſed perſons he doth call,
And paſſeth by the high-flown Cardinal.
For humane learning, and ſuch kind of Preaching,
Is nothing to th' bleſſed Spirits teaching.
I learning like, and grant that men may uſe it,
Yet would I not have them for to abuſe it.

Apoſtate.

Leave off theſe canting ſtrains, and don't deride
Our holy Father, for I can't abide
To hear ſuch prating Fools, are you ſo wiſe,
Dare you the holy Mother Church deſpiſe.
'Tis that Religion I like beſt of all,
The Pope I do adore and Cardinal.
There's Pomp and Riches, and a worldly glory,
What you talk of, is an unpleaſant ſtory.
There's pleaſure, profit, ſafety and much eaſe,
Which doth the fleſh as well as ſpirit pleaſe.
Here's Heaven and Earth, what can'ſt thou more
Or of thy God, or any man require. (deſire,
Thy way thou haſt loſt, and *Canaan* wilt not ſee,
Therefore with ſpeed turn back again with me.

Profeſſor.

Could I no other reaſon give or urge,
To prove *Romes* Church untrue, I cant but judg,
This which you do ſpeak, doth plainly declare,
For in Chriſts Church no ſuch vain pomp is there.
No worldly glory doth Chriſts Church adorn,
For ſhe's afflicted much deſpis'd and torn.
Her beauty can't with outward eyes be ſeen,
Her beauty and her glory are within.
When *John* ſets forth the antichriſtian ſtate,
Much outward pomp 'tis true he doth relate.
The Whoor is dek'd with Gold, brave Stones and (Pearl,
Who at poor *Sion* doth with envy ſnearl.
No liberty to th' fleſh the Lord doth give,
Saints muſt alone after the Spirit live.
No ſerving God and Mammon, Sir tis plain,
To Hell you go except you'r born again.
If you'l be Chriſts, with ſpeed then turn you muſt,
To crucifie the fleſh with all it's luſt.
No cauſe have I to fear to go aſtray,
Whilſt I walk dayly in the narrow way.
All thoſe who do Gods holy word contemn,
No light nor truth is there at all in them.
Their feet on the dark Mountains ſoon will fall,
And utter ruin will or'etake them all.
But as for me no cauſe have I to doubt,
But I ſhall find this bleſſed *Canaan* out.
To turn to *Egypt* with you back again,
The thoughts of it my ſoul doth much diſdain.

Doſt

Doſt think I'le leave my *Quales* and *Manna* rare,
For ſtinking Garlick and for Onyons there.

Apoſtate.

For all your courage Sir, I do ſuppoſe,
You will repent that ever you have choſe,
To leave the comforts of a precious World,
And with fond zeal thus blindly to be hurld.
You are a man that might advanced be,
Unto great honour, State, and Dignitie.
Your Father's Maſter of a good Eſtate,
And you to are his heir I hear of late.
But if you don't this new Religion leave,
One groat of him you are not like to have.

Profeſſor.

This World in a juſt ballance oft I try,
And find it lighter far than vanity.
Riches alas! they are but bags of cares,
And honor's nought ſave fool-bewitching Snares.
Your outward joy will turned be to ſadneſs,
Your pleaſure into pain, your wiſdom's madneſs.
You catch at nothing,'tis at beſt a bubble,
Whichlong you cannot keep although you double
Your diligence, and think to hold it faſt,
'Twill fly with ſpeed,'tis but an empty blaſt:
What frantick fit is this? Will you deſtroy
Your higher hopes for ſuch a fanci'd joy?
This world's juſt like th' Strumpet of whom I've (read,
Who with ſweet fumes inticeth to her bed.

With

With amorous glance's promiſes a Bliſs,
And hides deſtruction with a fained Kiſs.
She has her tricks,and her inſnaring wiles,
But lodges death under deceitful ſmiles.
She huggs the Soul ſhe hates,yea and doth prove,
A very *Judas* where ſhe fains to love.
Take heed therefore,leſt you be catch'd i'th' ſnare,
And by your late repentance much to dear.
Theſe comforts here,which you do precious call,
Each wiſe man ſees they'r vain and fliting all.
To think I ſhould repent,no cauſe is there,
If things by you rightly conſidered were.
What *Moſes* choſe of old,the ſame do I,
All vain allurements I do quite defie.
I knew when firſt my journy I did take,
I muſt my fathers houſe learn to forſake.
In *Abrahams* ſteps I am reſolv'd to go,
What ever I expoſed am unto.
What e're I loſe,Chriſt will mak't up to me,
When I of *Canaan* ſhall poſſeſſedbe.
I ſeek no honour here from any one,
True honour comes(dear Sirs)from God alone.
To be an Heir to a great Eſtate,
Or Son unto ſome eathly Potentate,
Is nought to what by grace I am born too.
My portion great I know not how to ſhow,
I'm heir to the mighty King of Heaven,
To me, ere long,ſweet *Canaan* will be given.
I do reſolve to hold out to the end,
Although I han't one groat nor earthly friend

To favor me: I never will return
Until this glorious *Canaan* I have wone.

Apoſtate.

What ground have you (my friend) for to believe,
If you forſake all things you ſhall receive.
This land you ſpeak of, for your own poſeſſion,
Unto your heart 'tis good to put this queſtion.
For divers do unto great things claim,
Yet ſome oftimes I ſee, and ſure I am,
Unto ſuch lands can no good title ſhow,
Although they ſtrive for them as you may do.
If you ſhould ſell what e're you have for this,
And yet at laſt ſhould alſo of it miſs,
You'l ſee your ſelf at length then quit undone.
Conſider of 't, and back with me return,
For no good title of it can be had,
'Twas this alas which made me ſad.
To ſave my own, I thought 'twas beſt for me,
Unleſs of this I could aſſured be.

Profeſſor.

Don't think you ſhall my zeal for Heaven cool,
Nor my dear Soul with fancys thus befool.
Rouſe up my Soul now in thy own defence,
And ſhew thy clear, thy precious evidence.
Can any thing be plainer here on earth,
'Twas purchas'd for me by Chriſt Jeſus death.
The father doth this Kingdom own, and he,
For his own child has late adopted me.

And

And if a child, I alſo am an heir
And ſhall with Jeſus the like glory ſhare

Apoſtate.

How do you know you be his child? in this
You may miſtake, and ſo may *Canaan* miſs.

Profeſſor.

My late converſion doth moſt plainly prove,
My inward birth is truly from above.
The Truth and Conſcience both agree in one,
I am through grace no Baſtar'd, but a Son.
Thoſe whom God doth by his own Spirit lead,
They are his Sons, you in the Scripture read.
Beſides all this, ſince I did firſt believe,
An earneſt of this Land I did receive.
And divers promiſes alſo there be,
Which bind it firmly over unto me.
Is not my Title unto heaven good.
When ſign'd and ſeal'd to me by Chriſt his blood?
You ſee by theſe I have a certain ground,
And good aſſurance for Gods kingdom found,
But you, as it appears, do quite diſpair,
Without all hopes of ever coming there;

Apoſtate.

Nay ſtay a little, don't affirm that neither,
Why may not I, as ſoon as you, come thither.
Though in that way, in which I late did walk,
I was deceiv'd with many other folk;

And

And thought that Heaven was intail'd to thoſe
Which did the Pope and Church of Rome oppoſe.
Thinking a man a ſeperate muſt be,
From that ſame Church, or elſe could never ſee,
Find, nor injoy eternal peace and reſt:
And therefore I, like others did proteſt,
Againſt that ancient mother Church, whom now:
Iam reſolv'd to own, yea, and to bow
Down unto, with all humble ſubjection
Thinking 'tis beſt for ſafety and protection,
Reſolving never more to vex my mind
As I have done, for I ſhall ſooner find
In this ſmooth way aſſurance for ſalvation,
Than if I had kept in my former ſtation.
Hopes I may have, no certain ground I know
The Church affirms we can attain unto.
But promiſes moſt clear are made to thoſe,
Who ſeek for the old way, and with it cloſe:
And that Romes Church can plead antiquity.
No Proteſtant I'm ſure can it deny:
Yea, and muſt grant, what ever's their profeſſion
That none ſave *Rome* can prove their true ſucceſſion,
From thoſe brave Churches, which firſt planted were
By the Apoſtles, as their *Acts* declare.
And therefore, Youth, you muſt no longer boaſt
Of faith and confidence, for you have loſt
Your way to Heaven, and muſt therefore look
Unto that Church which long has been forſook.
From the true Church to rend and ſchiſmatize,
Is ſuch an evil in which many lies.

For

For though Corruption in the Church there be,
Yet all ſhould walk in uniformitie.

Profeſſor.

Sir, I deny your Churches Conſtitution,
Which makes me loath you, and for your pollu-(tion,
Corruption, and vile ſpots, they are ſo bad,.
No Church of Chriſt the like hath ever had;
Which I reſolve to make appear alſo,
Before I'le leave you, or will let you go.

Apoſtate.

Romes Church was rightly gather'd that's moſt (clear,
Saint *Paul* himſelf to this doth witneſs bear.
Faith and Repentance truly did they own,
And were Baptiz'd alſo every one.
No Church in conſtitution right has been,
If that our Church i'th' leaſt doth fail herein.

Profeſſor.

Romes Church I grant was true i'th' Apoſtles days,
But yours from that doth differ many ways.
Romes Church was very famous heretofore,
But is become th' Scarlet colour'd Whore.
From the true Faith ſhe hath departed quite,
And the true Church was forc't to take her flight.
Into the dark and howling wilderneſs,
Where ſhe lay hid in ſore and great diſtreſs,

From

From the vile Beaſt, and Dragons furious rage,
And ſo remain'd until this latter age.
If *Romes* Church now were like unto the old,
Then with the Romaniſts we all would hold.
But when ſhe is become Chriſts enemy,
Go out of Babylon, doth bid us fly.
If you can prove *Romes* Church has not declin'd,
From that Church-State by *Paul* himſelf defin'd.
Then you will undertake for to do more
Then any Papiſt ever did before.
The *Jewiſh* Church God once did own and love,
But for their ſins he did them quite remove.
Out of his ſight they'r broken for their ſin,
With other Churches which have famous bin.
And yet do keep ſome outward form and ſhow
Of Worſhip, and Church-ſtate as *Rome* may do.
Who has in Truth nought left ſave a bare name,
As hath been clearly prov'd by men of fame.
If you ſhould bring your Viſibility
To prove your Church is true, I do reply,
A better argument I need not bring
To prove you falſe, then that ſame very thing.
For the true Church was hid, did not appear
A thouſand two hundred and ſixty year.
And then whereas you in the ſecond place
Mention Antiquity, 'tis a clearer caſe.
Your Church is under age, yea much too young,
Out of the Apoſtacy alas ſhe ſprung.
A baſterd Church, baſe born, mere national,
And therefore that's for you no proof at all.

The

The fleſhly ſeed 'ith'Church muſt not be brought,
John Baptiſt and our Saviour both ſo taught.
Chriſts Church is gather'd now by regeneration,
And not as 'was 'ith' former diſpenſation.
You in a lineal way do go about,
To take in thoſe whom Jeſus hath ſhut out.
The ax is now laid to the root o'th' tree,
And every one true penitent muſt be.
And muſt obtain of God true ſaving grace,
Who in his holy Church would have a place.
Your Church is not ſo gather'd, therefore I
Deny your Church and it's antiquity;
That Church which is upheld by'th' carnal ſword,
And not by the power of Gods holy word.
Is very falſe, and that *Romes* Church is ſoe,
Not a few worthy Authors plainly ſhow.
And whereas ſhe much boaſts of holineſs,
No people doubtleſs in the world have leſs.
For *Rome* like to a common ſtinking ſhore,
Receives what ev'ry one caſts forth o'th door.
She's like a cage of ev'ry hateful bird,
As is recorded in Gods ſacred word.
The Councel whih an ancient Author gave,
Let ev'ry ſoul with ſpecial care receive.
"Yethat would holy live, from *Rome* be packing,
"There's all things elſe, but Godlineſs is lacking.
She alſo doth Doctrines of Divels hold,
According as th' Apoſtle hath foretold.
In charging people to abſtain from meat,
Which God alloweth us freely to eat.

And

And in denying perſons for to wed,
Though God allow the undefiled bed.
By means of theſe moſt curſed prohibitions,
Your Clergy ſtinks alive with groſs pollutions.
And many of your filthy Popes of Rome,
Have Sodomites and Buggerers become;
Whoredom and Inceſt they have minc'd ſo ſmall,
As ſcarce to count them any ſin at all.
Moſt curſed Stews allowed are by them,
Whom none i'th Popedom dare ith leaſt condemn.
Vile Necromancers many of them were,
Haters of God, no ſin (in truth) is there;
But ſome o'th' Popes of it hath guilty been,
As may upon Record be clearly ſeen.
Is this your holy Head and reverend Father,
Next unto Chriſts ſupream? Is he not rather
A Divel incarnate? the worſt of mankind,
Who can in Hell a viler ſinner find. (Love,
Is *Rome* Chriſts Church, Chriſts Spouſe, his only
His undefiled one, and ſpotleſs dove.
Sir, do'nt miſtake, ſhe is that *Scarlet Whore*,
Whom *John* characterized heretofore.
Which I ſhall full evince, and make appear,
If you with patience will but lend an ear.

Apoſtate.

I find you in reproaches free enough,
But ſhall expect you ſo too in your proof.
Thoſe common Epithets of Beaſt and Whore,
Are daily flung at every bodies door.

But for to warrant your ſeverer doom,
Prove that they properly belong to *Rome.*

Profeſſor.

That truth Gods ſacred word doth well explain,
That City which o'er Kings of th'Earth did raign.
Was that ſame Whore, the ſpirit clear doth ſhow,
And that *Rome* was that City all men know.
Who then above all others bore the ſway,
'Twas *Rome* the Nations fear'd and did obey.
And ſtill you Papiſts to her Biſhop give,
Headſhip o're all who on the earth do live.
Before him Kings and Emperors muſt ſubmit,
That ſo he may the mighty Monarch ſit.
Whilſt abſolute pow'r he claims, and Soveraignty
Above all Princes by his Tyranny.
From whence all perſons may conclude it true,
By their firſt Mark the title is his due.
The ſecond Character of *Babylon*,
Is *Pomp and State wherein ſhe proudly ſhon*,
That *Rome* has been a rich gay coſtly Whore,
England once found, I wiſh ſhe may no more.
Infinite Sums almoſt ſhe ſqueez'd from hence,
For pardons, obits, annates, *Peter*-pence. (led.
And through each Land where ſhe her triumph
Whole ſwarms of locuſts, Prieſts and Friars were
Theſe (as the *Janizaries* to the *Turk*) (ſpread.
Were faithful ſlaves ſtill to promote her work.
Whilſt to maintain thoſe drones ſhe ſwept away
The fat and wealth of Nations as a prey.

In the third place *ſhe doth mens Souls inſlave,*
This mark in *Room* moſt evident we have.
With dangerous vows, unwarranted traditions,
Implicit faith and thouſand ſuperſtitions.
Pretended miracles apparent lies,
Damnable Errors and fond fopperies.
She clogs the Conſcience, and to make all well,
Boaſts all her dictates are Infallible:
And then (to fill her meaſure) i'th' laſt place,
Tis ſaid ſhe would Gods precious *Sion* race.
This can of none but *Rome* be underſtood,
That drunken whore, who reels in Martyrs blood.
As I more largely now ſhall make appear,
And then with patience your excuſes hear.
Within the compaſs of ſix thouſand years,
Has been preſented to the eyes and ears
Of future ages, the moſt ſad contents
Of bloudy Tragidies, the ſad events
Of dreadful wars in ſeveral Generations,
The overthrow of many fruitful Nations.
But all comes ſhort of *Romes* moſt bloudy bill,
Which doth the earth with Sanguine volumes fill.
Jeruſalem that City of renown,
Sack't by *Veſpatian*, burnt and broken down.
It was indeed a dreadful deſolation,
And ſo have conquerors dealt with many a nation.
All Conquerors ever found a time to ceaſe, (peace.
When once they'd conquered, then they were at
They murdered not, but ſuch as would not yield,
To own them for their Lords: and in the fields

They ſlew them too with weapons in their hand,
For their defence, and always freely ſtand.
But this vile Strumpits bloud-bedabled hands,
Finds not a period never countermands.
Her cruel rage, her murders find no end,
She ſlaughters when ſhe pity doth pretend.
Years terminate not her bloud thirſty acts,
She ſlays without examining their facts.
In times of peace her treacherous hands have ſhed,
Bloud without meaſure: ſhe hath murthered
By curſed Maſacres her neighbours, when
They thought themſelves the moſt ſecure men.
One might fill volumes with her bloudy ſtory,
In which ſhe ſtill perſiſts: Makes it her glory
T'invent ſtrange torments to deprive the breath
Of Chriſtians, by a tedious lingring death.
The brutiſh *Nero* firſt of Tyrant Kings,
From whoſe baſe root nine other Tyrants ſprings.
Whoſe moſt inhuman Acts, not to their glory,
Did leave the world a lamentable ſtory.
And to their laſting and eternal ſhame,
Did purchaſe to themſelves that hateful name
Of bloudy Monſters in the ſhape of men,
Whoſe cruel acts deſerve an Iron pen.
That might perpetuate to after-times,
Theſe Heathens cruelty record the crimes.
For which thoſe Chriſtians willingly laid down,
There earthly houſes for a heavenly Crown.
Reflect a while Sir! And but caſt your eye,
Firſt on thoſe Heathen Emperors cruelty.

Then view the bloudy Papiſts, and compare
Their cruelties together, and as far
As *Egypts* darkneſs did exceed our night,
Or midnight differs from the morning light.
So far the Papists cruelty does exceed,
The worſt of Heathen Tyrants, and indeed
The worſt of Tyrants, ſince the world began,
Or ſince diſſention fell 'twixt man and man.
If *Cyprians* and *Euſebius* words be true,
Theſe perſecuting Emperors yearly ſlew
Millions of Souls, ſhedding their guiltleſs blood,
Which ran like waters from a mighty flood.
So void their hearts were of humane pitty,
They Spar'd no Age, nor Sex, nor Town, nor City.
The things wherein theſe Chriſtians did offend,
Were only this, they did refuſe to bend,
Their Heaven-devoted knees, or fall before
Thoſe Idol Gods, theſe Emperors did adore.
They did believe one God created all,
They did believe in Chriſt, and down did fall.
Proſtrate upon the earth, and daily bring
Sacrifice only to that Heavenly King.
Their Emperors Gods theſe Chriſtians did deride,
This was the cauſe ſo many milions dyed.
Theſe Emperors thinking themſelves ingag'd,
Their Idol to revenge, grew more inrag'd
To ſee the Chriſtians bouldly to deſpiſe,
Their Gods, and honour Chriſt before their eyes.
They did conclude the nature of th' offence,
Deſerv'd no leſs than death for recompence.

Thus may we plainly ſee a reaſon why,
Theſe Heathen Emperors uſe ſuch cruelty.
'Twas not becauſe they worſhipt not aright,
But worſhipt not at all, nay, did deſpight.
Unto theſe Idols which they Gods did call,
Affirming that they were no Gods at all.
An act not to be born by fleſh and bloud,
To have the edicts of their Gods withſtood.
Yet in the midſt of all thoſe Tyrants rage,
Serious advice a little would aſſwage
Their helliſh fury, and for ſome time ceaſe,
And give the Chriſtians a breathing ſpace.
And when as thoſe ten Emperors ceaſt to be,
Then terminate all their cruelty.
Three hundred years did terminate their wrath,
And then the Heathens own'd the Chriſtian faith,
And now there Emperors do as much adore
The God of Heaven and earth, as they before
Had done there Idols, and zealous for the Church,
Gives great donations, makes their Biſhops rich.
And now proud *Rome*, ſince *Conſtantine* the great,
Thou by degrees has taken up thy ſeat:
Puſt up with riches, ſwoln with filthy pride,
From Gods pure laws has quickly turn'd aſide.
And now ſuch Biſhops only doſt thou chuſe,
As God doth hate and utterly refuſe.
Proud ſenſual, and void of the holy ſpirit,
Such as the Lord hath ſaid, ſhall not inherit
Eternal Glory; ſuch thy Biſhops be,
Who ſhoul'd be fil'd with truth and purity.

Shining

Shining like lights before the flock, that they
The better might diſcern the perfect way.
But now inſtead of ſuch as theſe, behold
They are preſumptious, proud, imperious bold.
Changing the worſhip that the Lord makes known,
And in its ſtead will introduce their own.
Yea ſo preſumptious are they in their pride,
As to affirm Gods holy words no guide
For men to walk by; the only rule that they
Do counſel men, nay force them to obey.
Is their traditions which th' affirm to be,
Far more authentick then our Lords decree,
Within his holy Word he us hath given,
For a ſure light to guide our ſteps to Heaven.
And now that Chriſtian, whoſe more tender heart,
Dares not believe them, neither dare depart
From Gods directions, which in his bleſt word,
He hath ſo plainly left upon record.
Theſe are the men this wicked Strumpit hath
So often made the objects of her wrath.
Making the earth to drink the guiltleſs bloud,
Of ſuch as for Gods holy Word have ſtood.
Oh! Let the bloud-drunk earth, near ceaſe to cry
Unto the Heaven enthroned Majeſty.
'Till God take vengance as he did on *Cain*,
For all the righteous *Abels* ſhe hath ſlain.
Not for denying, but honouring the Lord,
Yea, for believing that his ſacred word
Is the moſt perfect, and the trueſt guide,
The rule by which all doctrins ſhould be tride.

Our bleſſed Lord bids ſearch them, for ſaith he,
They are the words that teſtifie of me.
Lo hears the cauſe, behold the reaſon why,
The Whore has acted ſo much cruelty.
Inhumane murthers doth this Whore invent,
Whereas ſhe daily ſlays the innocent.
The numbers ſhe hath murdered, doth ſurmount
The ſtricteſt of Arithmeticks account.
What Countrey hath not taſted of the Cup,
That her moſt bloudy hands hath poured up.
How hath ſhe ſtir'd up Nations to ingage
Againſt each other to ſatisfie her rage.
Where Millions have been brought unto the duſt,
Only to ſatisfie this Strumpits luſt;
That ſhe the better might ingroſe the power
Of Hell into her hands, and ſo devour
At her bloud thirſty pleaſure, ſuch as ſhe
Could not perſwade to love Idolatry.
Perfideous frame, whoſe moſt inhumane wrath,
Paſſing the limits of a Chriſtian faith.
Within the ſpace of eight and twenty days,
Thy bloudy hands moſt treacherouſly betrays
Ten thouſand ſouls, and to that bloudy ſcore,
Ads quickly after twenty thouſand more.
How many murders more that Popiſh Nation
Have done, the *Romiſh* Hiſtories make relation;
And yet from cruelty *Rome* has not ceaſt,
But as her years, her murders have increaſt:
And ſwoln to bigger numbers in leſs ſpace,
As *Bellarmine* affirmeth to her face;

Who

Who thus affirms that from the morning light,
Until the Sable Curtains of the night;
Were cloſely drawn, her bloudy hands did ſlay,
A hundred thouſand Souls! O let that day
In Characters of bloud recorded be,
That may remain unto eternity.
O let the earth that drinketh in the rain,
That did receive the bloud of all the ſlain.
Let both the Heavens, and the Earth implore
The God of Heaven to confound the Whore.
O poor *Bohemia*, thou haſt had a taſt,
When wicked *Julian* laid thy countrey waſt.
Burning thy Towns and Villages with fire,
Sparing no young, nor old, nor Son, nor ſire.
What multitudes unnumbred were thy ſlain,
Which in the field unburied did remain.
Thou did'ſt the wolfiſh Popes in every age
Contrive thy ruin, many times ingage
Thy neighbour Nations to ſhed forth thy bloud,
Only becauſe faithful *Bohemia* ſtood.
For Gods pure worſhip, *Martin* the ſixt excites,
(Knights
Emperors and Kings, Dukes, Barons, Earls and
With one conſent to fall upon that Nation,
On no leſs terms, then on their own Salvation;
Promiſing alſo upon that condition,
To give a full and abſolute remiſſion.
Unto the vileſt ſinner that e'er ſtood
Upon the earth; that would but ſhed the blood.

Though

Though but of one *Bohemian*; O rage!
Not to be paralleld in any age.
Except that Monſter, who did ſore rebuke,
The over charitable Popiſh Duke
Of *Alva*, and would you know his crime,
It was becauſe that he in ſix years time,
Through too much lenity, caus'd not the earth
To drink more Chriſtians bloud than iſſued forth
From 18 thouſand ſouls; for this the Duke,
Was thought by Papiſts worthy of rebuke.
Is eighteen thouſand in ſix years ſo few,
In the account of your bloud thirſty crue,
Inhumanly to murther, yea indeed,
Becauſe their former numbers did exceed.
But if the Duke of *Alva's* bloudy bill,
Came ſhort in numbers, yet his hand did fill
It up with Torments, ſo dreadful to rehearſe,
As that the very thoughts thereof would pierce
A Marble heart, make infidels relent,
Torments that none but Divels could invent.
But if all this was over little ſtill,
His predeceſſors added to the bill.
For from the time that helliſh Inquiſition,
Did from the Devil firſt receive commiſion.
As well approv'd Hiſtory doth relate,
Till thirty years expired had their date.
By cruel torments which they ſtill retain,
Was a hundred and fifty thouſand ſlain.
And yet before they took away their breath,
They for ſome time did make each day a death.

Depri-

Depriving them as far as in them lay,
Of all the comfort that either night or day
Affords mankind; for them there was not found,
So much Sun light as to behold the ground
On which they ſtood: Each day that giveth light,
Was unto them like *Egypts* darkeſt Night.
In helliſh darkneſs, thus they made them ſpend
Their weary hours, and kindly in the end
Deſtroyed them: the company they had
Within thoſe darkſome caverns, was their ſad
And melancholy thoughts, their ſighs and growns,
Their doleful lodgings was upon the ſtones.
Noyſome creatures bred and foſtred there,
Theſe noyſome creatures their companions were.
What food they eat, was only to ſecure
Their ſouls alive, that ſo they might endure
The ſeveral Torments that they did provide,
And ſo a hundred and fifty thouſand di'd,
Beſide what di'd by perſecuting hands,
Within the *Popes* Confines in ſeveral lands.
Thus may I ſooner ſpend my ſtrength and tears,
And tire (if you regard) your eyes and ears.
Then give a full and abſolute relation,
Of all the acts of *Romes* abhomination.
Oh! May my native Countrey rather hear
Their bloudy Acts, than in the leaſt part bear
Her burthen, or behold her murdring hand, (land.
Once more ſpread through the Confines of our
But I perceive theſe truths are dully heard,
And that you little my diſcourſe regard.

Apoſt-

Apoſtate.

Yes, yes, I hear and ſmile, what Tragedies
You make of lawful juſt ſeverities.
The Martyrs you applaud were Rebbels too,
And ſtill againſt authority would goe.
If then they ſuffer'd, who pray is to blame?

Profeſſor.

That I have ſhown already to their ſhame.
And would I have my Countrey men to take
Another taſte that may preſerve awake
Their drouſie Souls, who take a dying nap,
Much like deluded *Sampſon* on the lap
Of luſtful *Dalela*, whoſe treacherous breath,
Sends forth the Meſſenger of *Sampſons* death;
Let not the Strumpits ſugred words, perſwade
Thee to give credit to her 'thas been her trade,
To promiſe faireſt when ſhe doth intend,
To deal the falſeſt, ſhe doth betray her friend.
Like wicked *Cain*, firſt of that ſinful race,
That ſlew his Brother ſmiling in his face.
From the firſt time that e're the helliſh rage
Of Jeſuits appear'd on the ſtage
To act their parts in *England*, *France* and *Spain*.
And *Italy* her bloudy hands hath ſlain,
Nine hundred thouſand ſouls or there about,
Ere many years had run their hours out.
Of the *Americans* by *Popiſh Spain*,
In fifty years was fifteen Millions ſlain.

The

The poor religious *Waldenſes*, whoſe eye,
Like the quick ſighted *Vulture*, did eſpy
Romes filthy whoredomes, and freely diſclaim
Her vile Idolatry, and hate the ſame. (Cup,
Drunk dreadful draughts of *Romes* moſt bloody
Which She with Helbred fury poured up.
And for no other cauſe, her bloody hands,
She did ſtretch forth her Hell-inraged bands;
Being ſent abroad forthwith, to put to death
Both young & old, each man that draweth breath;
And yet, as if ſhe had not been content,
To Murder Parents with their Innocent,
And harmleſs Babes, as if their Helliſh-breath
Had now been ſpent with putting ſouls to death.
Fourſcore ſweet Babes that never did offend,
Famiſh'd to Death, their harmleſs lives did end.
Search, ſearch into the deep, a biſs of Hell,
And ſee if all the Devils can parallel
So vile an Act, O moſt imperious Treaſon
Againſt the King of Kings, and law of Reaſon.
Are Papiſts Chriſtians, and are theſe their Acts
To puniſh ſuch as ne'r commited Facts.
Are thoſe right actings, fitting Goſpel-times,
To lay on Babes the weight of higheſt Crimes.
Did Chriſt do thus, or hath he ever given
Them leave to deal ſo with the Heirs of Heaven.
Thoſe murd'red Souls, under the Altar lie,
Crying, how long Eternal Majeſty,
How long wilt be e're thou avenge thy Saints,
And lend thine ear unto their ſad complaints.

The

Theſe *Waldences* being overcome and dead,
A little remnant that eſcaped fled,
Taught by Dame Natures Moral-Laws, to ſave
Their much deſired lives, within a Cave
Did hide themſelves, hoping at laſt, that they
Taking advantage of another day;
When Golden *Titon* had laid down his head
Upon the Pillows of his Weſtern-Bed:
And *Proſerpina* Lady of the Night,
Had drawn her Sable Curtains, then they might
Tranſport themſelves into ſome other land,
And ſo eſcape out of the Hunters hand.
But as the Hounds that hunts the wearied Hart,
Doth ply their ſteps, and never will depart
The Fields and Meadows, or the ſilent Wood,
Till they ſurpriſe the Beaſt: ev'n ſo theſe blood
Devouring Monſters having found the Cave,
Moſt barberouſly did make that place their grave,
Wherein four hundred yielding up their breath,
Were in a barberous manner choak'd to death.
No Nation in the world hath ever ſeen,
A Foe ſo dreadful as the Whore hath been.
It is far better to be overcome
By *Turk* or *Heathen*, than by Chriſtian *Rome*.
What part of *Europe* now can make their boaſt,
And ſay they have not taſted to their coſt
Of *Romiſh* Mercy, ſome are yet alive,
Whoſe Parents felt the Death ſhe did contrive.
O *Germany*! thy poor deſtreſs'd Eſtate
Will ſpeak to future Ages, and relate

Whole

Whole Volums of her bloody Murders, and
The murdered Souls of bleeding *Ireland*
Cries night and day for Vengeance, and implore
Gods Heaven enthroned Majeſty e'er more,
To put a period to her Helliſh power,
That we may overtake her in an hour.
Thoſe dreadful Murders, have the eyes and ears
Of ſome now living heard and ſeen the tears
Of Soul afflicted Parents, whoſe ſad eyes
Beheld their Murdred Babes, & heard their cries.
Their Daughters Raviſh'd,& when that was done,
Cruelly Murdered, and the hopeful Son
By unheard Torments ſlain before their eyes,
Whilſt they beheld their Childrens miſeries:
Their Children Murdred,and their Wives defil'd,
Whoſe Bodies they ript up being great with child.
And all this while Parents and Husbands were
Forc'd to behold what fleſh and blood can't bear
The bare Relation: what Adamant heart
Melts not, when I theſe dreadful things impart:
Ripping up Child-great-Women was not all,
For that, although inhumane, was but ſmall
Compar'd with others torments they indur'd,
Whoſe Patience bore what could not elſe be cur'd.
Tearing out Bowels,boiling of men alive, (trive.
Theſe deaths and worſe thoſe Monſters did con-
We ſee how they have dealt with every Nation,
And ſhall we think at laſt to find compaſſion.
The pittious cries of Parents, near could move
Them to extend the ſmalleſt dram of love.

The

The tears that ran from dying Infants eyes,
Like plentious ſhowers from the darkned skies:
Whoſe great abundance might have made a River,
Yet all theſe floods of briniſh tears could nev'r
Enter a Papiſts heart ſo hard condenc'd,
So void of pitty, and all humane ſence,
To hear the doleful ſhreaks, and dying groans
Of poor diſtreſſed Babes, who makes the moans
To Soul afflicted Parents e're they part,
Theſe are the things delights a Papiſts heart,
To ſee the dying gaſpes before the death
Of tortured Souls, whoſe life forſaken breath
Had waited. Oh! many a tedious hour paſt, (laſt.
When their tormented Souls ſhould breath their
Whoſe dolorous ſighings penetrates the skies,
Thoſe objects do delight a Papiſts eyes.
And can we now at laſt expect to find,
That *Romes* grown merciful and Papiſts kind:
No, no, we cannot do't, if we but fix
Our ſerious thought upon late Sixty ſix:
When *London* was conſum'd, that Famous City,
Its Ruins doth beſpeak them void of pitty.
By *Romes* contrivance, was fair *Loudon* burn'd,
Englands Metropolis to aſhes turn'd.
Their Merchants of their Riches quite bereft,
To day rich men, to morrow nothing left.
Their Wives and Children harberleſs became,
Their ſubſtance all conſumed in the Flame:
To day this Famous City is deck'd in Gold,
To morrow an amazement to behold.

The

The doleful Shreaks, and lamentable Cries,
The floods of Tears that ran from Weeping eyes
As true reſemblances, did repreſent
The Sorrows that our Neighbours under went.
And can we think that Hell-begotten Rage,
That did provoke ſo many to ingage
In ſuch an Act, far worſe than th' Powder-Treaſon:
Can we ſuppoſe, if we conſult with Reaſon,
The fury of their Helliſh Rage expir'd
So ſoon as e're that Famous Place was Fir'd.
No, no, Good Sir, your Pardon, I preſume
Thoſe Hell-ingendred flames that did conſume
So fair a City in ſo ſhort a ſpace.
Hell gave thoſe flames Commiſſion down to raze
Not *London* only, but every Soul that hath
A heart reſolv'd to maintain the Faith
Of Jeſus. Proteſtants both great and ſmall,
Rome hath determin'd their eternal Fall.
And thoſe more formal Proteſtants, whoſe Zeal
May ſecretly perſwade them to conceal
Their ſeeming Faith, and feignedly to cloſe
With *Romes* erronious Doctrine, and ſuppoſe
Thereby to ſave their lives; let none believe
Such vain perſwaſions; many did deceive
Themſelves; for *Rome*, that Painted Whore,
Will deal with them as ſhe hath done before,
With ſuch as hoped in the ſelf ſame kind,
To meet with Mercy, but nought leſs did find.
Chriſt never gave unto his Church Commiſſion,
For to make Laws for grievous Perſecution.

No outward force were they i'th' leaſt to uſe,
Much leſs poor Innocents for to abuſe,
By Burning, Starving, Roaſting on a Spit,
And tantingly to make a ſport of it.
The holy Saints, and People of the Lord,
Their only Weapon was Gods ſacred Word.
With that bleſt Sword always they overcome,
And did refute all Hereticks, but *Rome*
Makes uſe 'tis plain o'th' Carnal Sword and Fire,
'Tis Blood, 'tis Blood this Locuſt doth deſire.
Death without Mercy, acts of Cruelty,
The Matter muſt decide contumely.
They way they uſe to turn a Soul from error,
Is the moſt dreadful fleſh amazing terror
Of tormenting Racks, whereon a man muſt lie
Tortur'd to Death, dying, yet cannot die.
Strange kinds of Inſtruments, devis'd to tear
The fleſh from off the bones. theſe ſometimes were
Her friendly Admonitions, to reclaim
Such whom ſhe doth her Hereticks defame.
What Maſſacres has ſhe contriv'd by night,
When nature doth to reſt each man invite.
(harms
When ſleep had clos'd their eyes, no thoughts of
Did them poſſeſs, but in their foled Armes (they
Their Wives and Children lay, with hopes that
Through grace might live to ſee another day.
(Hell.
Then came theſe murd'ring Butchers, ſent from
Nothing but Blood would their vile rage repel;
Laying

Laying dear Babes and Mothers in their gore
'Till all were dead, they ſcorn'd to give o're,
If theſe Church dealings will not work contrition,
She can erect a curſed Inquiſition:
A dreadful place of cruelty and blood,
Whoſe torments ſcarcely can be underſtood.
A loathſome Dungeon, and vile ſtinking Cell,
A place of darkneſs, repreſenting Hell;
Where nothing is ſo plentiful as tears,
And bitter Sighs, yet find no ears
To hear their cries and lamentable moans,
Nor hearts to pitty them for all their groans,
Where many tedious days and nights they ſpend,
Not knowing when their ſufferings will have end.
If ſuch like arguments (Sir) will confute
A Heretick, the Papiſt may diſpute
With all the world, nay Heathen *Rome* could never
Come nigh a Papiſt with their beſt endeavor:
They ſcorn all *Turks* or *Pagans* for contrival
Of Barbarous Cruelties ſhould be Corrival,
For inhumanities they muſt deſie,
And ſcorn that Cannibals ſhould them come nigh.
A bloody Papiſt ſtrives to counterfeit
The Plagues of Hell, as far as man's conceit
Can reach unto, or Devils could invent,
This is a Papiſts knocking Argument.
Thus, thus is *Rome* drunk with the Martyrs blood
Which has run down like to a mighty flood.
O it is *Rome* that is that Scarlet Whore,
Which thus doth hate and perſecute the Poor.

And all which are unto the truth inclin'd,
To ſerve the Lord with a moſt perfect mind,
According to the tenor of his Word;
All ſuch ſhe ſtrives to put unto the Sword:
And ſuffers none to buy, nor ſell, nor live,
But ſuch as homage unto her would give.
Upon her head alſo Saint *John* did ſee
Was writ the curſed names of Blaſphemie;
Setting her ſelf on God's Imperial Throne:
Saying, I am, beſides me there is none.
I have the keys of Heaven in my hand,
Both Earth and Hell is at my ſole command;
I ſhut and open unto whom I pleaſe,
I torment give to ſome, to others eaſe.
Lo, thus God's Sacred Word doth point her forth,
This this is ſhe, there's none in all the earth
That ever did adventure to lay claim
To that preſumptuous and blaſphemous name,
As King of Heaven, Earth, and Hell, but he, (be.
Therefore *Rome*'s Church muſt the vile Strumpet

Apoſtate.

Sir, ſpeak no more, forbear your ſland'rous lies,
The holy Church ſuch murdrous acts defies:
Do not believe all Stories you do hear,
'Tis hard for you to make theſe things appear.

Profeſſor.

Theſe things were not (Sir) in a corner done,
Beſides, I never yet have heard of one
That is for you, or ſtandeth on your ſide,
Who by juſt proof theſe things ever deni'd;
For they alas notoriouſly are known,
And many Papiſts alſo them do own:
Beſides, 'twas late ſome of theſe Cruelties,
Murder and Blood, and barbarous Tragedies
Were done, and acted, ſome alive now be
Who with their eyes theſe villanies did ſee.
About th'year (dear Sir) of fifty five
A dreadful maſſacre did *Rome* contrive
Near unto *France*, i'th' Dukedom of *Savoy*
Were thirty thouſand ſouls ſhe did deſtroy,
Who were commanded without all delays
Papiſts to turn, and that within three daies;
Who for refuſing, were then preſently
Put unto death with barbarous Cruelty. (parts,
Some with ſharp ſpears thruſt through their privy
Whilſt others ſtabbed were unto their hearts.
Some babes they cut in pieces, ſome they roaſted,
And ſome upon the tops of ſpears they toſſed:
Virgins were raviſhed, Widows and Wives
Then barbarouſly deprived of their lives:
Some were drove forth on bitter Ice and Snow,
And many knock'd o'th head as they did go;
Thus was thoſe ſouls brought into miſery,
☞ See it at large in *Moreland*'s Hiſtory.

Two hundred thouſand Proteſtants or more,
Were Maſſacred by this vile bloody Whore
In *Ireland*; there's many now alive
Who ſaw what kinds of deaths they did contrive,
By which ſome of their dear relation then
VVere tortured by thoſe moſt Bloody men.
How can you Sir theſe things i'th' leaſt deny,
VVhich are ſo obvious unto ev'ry eye.

Apoſtate.

Youth, 'tis the Faith of *Roman* Catholicks,
Thus for to deal with all vile Hereticks.
Yet 'twas Rebellion too, ſay what you will,
For which the Church did many thouſands kill.
To Magiſtrates they diſobedient were,
And therefore they juſt puniſhment did bear.

Profeſſor.

Peter and *John* they Rebels were alſo,
By that ſame Argument which uſe you do.
To Magiſtrates they did refuſe to bend,
VVherein they knew they ſhould the Lord offend.
In civil things they always did ſubmit,
And Preached alſo, it was a thing moſt fit,
In things which unto man doth appertain,
But Chriſt o're Conſcience oft alone to reign.
Ev'n ſo thoſe Martyrs bare an upright mind
Unto their Prince, and ever were inclin'd
In all juſt things obedient for to be:
Yet did ſtand up for Chriſt his Soveraignty,

And

And were reſolv'd in matters of their Faith,
To worſhip God as holy Scripture ſaith,
According to that light which he doth give,
Up unto which each Soul on Earth ſhould live.
And though your Church doth put poor men to (death,
'Twas from the Devil ſuch curſt laws came forth.
The tares with wheat ſhould grow into the end,
Tell God is pleaſed the Reapers for to ſend.
That 'twas from Satan I don't doubt i'th' leaſt,
For he did give unto this bloody Beaſt
His Power. and Seat, and his Authority,
For to effect all curſed Villany.

Apoſtate.

They were ſome evil perſons without doubt,
Who crept into the Church, that work'd about (low,
Thoſe Murderous deeds the Church did not al-
But utterly againſt them doth a Vow.

Profeſſor.

The filthy Pope, and evil Cardinal,
With Biſhops, Moncks, and Fryers you ſo call,
With fiery Jeſuits, for to be brief,
In all theſe murderous Acts theſe were the chief.
Bulls, falſe Pardons, and curſed diſpenſations,
From bloody *Rome* has Ruin'd many Nations.
You can't deceive, nor blind the world more,
Times has diſcovered the Scarlet Whore.

We now know how clearly to bring our charge,
As I could ſhew, but that I can't inlarge.

Apoſtate.

I know not how further (Sir) to excuſe
The Holy Church, you put me in a muſe:
But ſhe's more kind and gentle hear of late,
And doth ſuch cruelties defie and hate.

Profeſſor.

Rome to a Wolf may fitly be compar'd,
Who whilſt againſt his will is quite debarr'd
From ſeeking of his Prey, being ty'd in chains,
Seems very peaceable, though he remains
A Wolf in Nature ſtill, if ever he
At any rate can get his libertie,
Doth ſtraight way run impatient of delay,
And cannot reſt until he's got his prey.
So *Rome* ſeems kind and gentle, until ſhe
Can find again an opportunity,
Which with unwearied pains, and often trial,
She ever ſeeks, and hardly takes denyal.
Which if ſhe once obtains, ſhe will not ſtay
From ſheding blood a minute of a day.

Apoſtate.

'Tis a vain thing with you for to contend.
And therefore I had rather make an end:
'Tis out of love I ſpeak, to have you leave
Your evil Errors, ſpeedily to cleave

Unto

Unto that Church who only can decide
All Controverſies, even to divide
The Truth from Error, Light from Darkneſs ſo
That every one the ready way may go.
But you ſeem ſo reſolved in your mind,
That little hopes, alas, of you I find.
But youth conſider once again I pray,
The troubles of a now approching day.
For ſore amazements will you overtake,
Unleſs you do your purpoſes forſake.
If once our Church the day obtains, beſure
Then down you Hereticks muſt go for ever.
Let former ſtroaks of Juſtice take ſuch place,
As for to move you wiſely to imbrace
That Councel, which in tender love I give,
That you in ſafety evermore may live.
Or you'l Repent that ever you begun
Theſe dangerous ways of Hereſie to run.
'Tis a dark doleful hazardous path you go,
Recant therefore as many others do.

Profeſſor.

You may miſtake ſometimes the waters flow,
Yet on a ſudden I obſerve them low.
A *Hammon* may maliciouſly deviſe
Poor *Mordica*, and others to ſurpriſe.
Yet may his purpoſes meet with a blaſt,
And he himſelf be hanged too at laſt.
The fleſh withal its luſt to mortifie,
Is hard to thoſe that love Iniquity.

The

The way to Papiſts wholly is untrod,
And unto all who haters are of God.
The way ſeems dark to you, untrod, uneven,
Hard 'tis to th' fleſh, yet 'tis the way to Heaven.
'Tis dark to you, becauſe that you are blind,
And can't Gods purpoſe in dark foot-ſteps mind.
I have a ſure hand to lead my trampling ſpaces,
To ſcape the danger of thoſe dangerous ſpaces.
I ſhall paſs ſafe, by means of my bleſt Guide,
Though thouſands fall by me on every ſide.
For to turn back will prove a dolefull fault,
I think upon the Monument of Salt.
I am reſolv'd a thouſand deaths to dy,
Before I'le ever yield to Popery.

Apoſtate.

Thou art too ſtrict, too righteous, and preciſe,
(prize.
Thou ſlights ſuch things which prudent men do
Thou mayſt have Chriſt, pleaſures & honours too,
And ſaved be without half this ado.
There's very few alas are of your mind,
Who unto *Rome* are not at all inclin'd.

Profeſſor.

You now condemn me for my holy life,
Wherein 'tis true I met with ſtraits and ſtrife.
But when, dear Sir, you come at length to die,
You'l claim your ſelf, and me you'l juſtifie.

Did

Did ever any on a dying bed,
Lament that they were by Gods ſpirit led
To crucifie their ſins, and undertake
All things to leave for the Lord Jeſus ſake.
If Righteous ones, alas ſcarce ſaved are,
It greatly doth behove me to take care
In holineſs to walk, what e're you ſay,
I from the paths of life will never ſtray.
The way I know is Reſt, 'tis hard and ſtrait,
And led me alſo through a Thorny Gate,
Whoſe ſcratching Pricks are very ſharp and fell,
The way to Heaven is by the Gates of Hell.
Your way 'tis true ſeems very ſmooth and wide,
Since you from Chriſt have lately turn'd aſide.
My Paths ſeem long, yours ſhort and very fair,
Free from all Rubs and Snares, yet Sir beware,
The ſafeſt path is not always moſt even,
The way to Hell's like to a ſeeming Heaven.
Shall Fleſh-wantons for a moments pleaſure,
Expoſe themſelves to ſhame, and loſs of treaſure.
They'l ſpend their ſtrength, their gold, yea, great
Amongſt their ſenſual Dame-Helliſh-Mates.
Shall curſed Pleaſures thus be priſed, and muſt
The joys above be cheaper than a luſt.
The ambious Gallant, for to hoiſt his Name
Upon the wings of Honour and of Fame,
How will he venter on the point of Speers,
And face the mouths of Cannons, nought he fears:
With courage ſtout how will he fight i'th' Flood,
When Briniſh Seas are mixt with human blood.

Shall

Shall wretched man be at the Devils will,
And dangers run, his luſt for to fulfil.
And ſhall not I, when God commands me forth,
Ingage for him with all my might on earth.
Or ſhall the promis'd Crown of endleſs life,
Be judg'd a triffle, and not worth a ſtrife.
That which vain man accounts to be moſt rare,
Is not obtain'd but with much coſt and care.
Things of great worth on Earth are got by pains,
And he who venters nought, he nothing gains.
And ſhall I then be ſtartled with a frown,
When full aſſured of an Eternal Crown.
The ſtrife which doth an holy life attend,
Will recompenced be I'm ſure i'th' end.
I will go on, ſince Jeſus doth invite me,
His ſtrength is mine, and nothing ſhall affright me.

Apoſtate.

I do perceive you are reſolv'd to run,
In your ſtrict ways until you're quite undone.
Yet hear a little what I have to ſpeak,
And you will find 'tis beſt for you to take
The Councel which I give; for you'l eſpy
Great Ruin fall upon you ſuddenly.
Your father will not own you for his Son,
If in this fooliſh ſtrictneſs you'l go on,
His Face expect hereafter not to ſee,
If this your purpoſe and your pleaſure be.

Profeſſor.

If Father, Mother, and dear Brethren too
Forſake me quite, yet ſtill I well do know
My precious Saviour will my Soul imbrace,
And I ſhall ſee ſweet ſmiles from his dear face
Of ſelf and my relations dear
I do deny, ſuch is the love I bear
To my dear Lord, whoſe Servant now am I,
And do reſolve to be until I die:
Come life, come Death, for *Canaan* I'le indeavor,
It is my home, and reſting place for ever.
Better it is that earthly friends abuſe me,
Then that Chriſt Jeſus ſhould at laſt refuſe me.
I had rather bear my Fathers wrath and ire,
Then to be caſt into eternal Fire.

Apoſtate.

Fie, fie, young-man, forbare and take advice,
Let not hot Zeal thy fancy thus intice,
For to refuſe thoſe pleaſant things which you
May hear enjoy, as many others do:
'Tis much too ſoon for thee to mind ſuch things,
For nought but grief and dotage from it ſprings;
'Twill dull thy wit, and make thee like a droan,
And thou'lt be ſlighted too by e'ry one.
How mights thou live at eaſe, and pleaſure have,
If once theſe ways thou wouldſt reſolve to leave;
And like a Flower, flouriſh in the Spring,
And with young Gallants mightſt rejoyce & ſing,

And

And ſpend thy days in pleaſure ſweet and rare:
I prithy youth conſider, O take care
To chear thy heart! behold now in thy ſight,
What earthly joys moſt ſweetly do invite.

Profeſſor.

Young 'tis true I am, and in my prime,
Therefore reſolve for to improve my time:
The flower of my days, doſt think I will
Give to the Devil, luſt for to fulfil.
Shall Satan have the primeſt of my days,
And put off Chriſt with baſe and vile delays
Until old age, and then at laſt preſent
The dregs of time to him; I'le not conſent
To ſuch vile thoughts, I will not lend an ear,
I to my Saviour more affection bear.
Since firſt of the living Spring my ſoul did drink
All ſinful pleaſures in my Noſe do ſtink.
More precious Joy I find in my dear Lord,
Then all this world doth, yea, or can afford.
If I am ſlighted for Chriſt Jeſus ſake,
And judg'd a Fool or Droan, yet I can take
All for him, who for me hath undergone
More ſhame then this before his work was done.
This is my choſing time, I have made choice,
Gods Word I will obey, and hear his voice.
Gods Counſel 'tis that firſt of all in youth
I ſhould him ſeek, and cleave unto the Truth.
Your Counſel I abhor, ſhall luſtful fire
Be kindled in my Breſt, ſhall my deſire

Run

Run out again to *Egypts* curſed ſtuff,
I know 'tis nought, of it I have enough.

Apoſtate.

Alas, the journy's long, you'l wearied be;
And faint before that Kingdom you do ſee.

Profeſſor.

Nay Sir, be ſilent, that is falſe, for I
By Faith moſt clearly do the Land eſpie.
But is the Journy long, blame me no more,
Betimes i'th' morning I ſet out therefore.
Why did'ſt thou ſay it was too ſoon for me
For to ſet out? If long the Journy be,
I do reſolve in youth with ſpeed to ſtrive,
Leſt I too late at laſt ſhould there arrive. (mind
While ſtrength and youth doth laſt I'l bind my
To Travel hard, becauſe I clearly find
Old Age, and weary Limbs, quite out of caſe
To go a journy, or to run a Race.
Alas, when night is ready to come in,
That's not a time this Journy to begin,
When Sun and Moon, and Stars all darkned be,
And clouds return, that we no light can ſee.
When rain and tempeſts doth moſt ſore appear,
And the Keepers of the houſe all trembling are:
When the ſtrong men themſelves are forc'd to bow
And grinders ceaſe alſo, becauſe that now
They are but few, and ready to fall out,
And thoſe through windows which do look about

Are

Are become dim, nay darkned without light,
And doors to in the ſtreet are ſhut up quite.
When the ſound o'th' grinders are low, (heard, can't be
He riſeth up too at the voice o'th' Bird:
And all the Daughters of ſweet Muſick rare,
Are brought too low, don't for ſuch Muſick care.
And fears increaſe in thoughts of what's on high,
Fears in the way, and fears for what is nigh.
When flouriſh ſhall the Almond Tree alſo,
And th' Graſhopper ſhall be a burden too.
When looſed is the precious Silver Cord,
And Golden Bowl is brok'n, as we have heard:
When the Pitcher too is at the Fountain broke,
And the Wheel at th' Ciſtern with a heavy ſtroke:
When deſire fails, and there alas is none,
What will ſuch do who han't this Race begun.
Beſides 'tis clear, my days uncertain be,
Old Age alas I may not live to ſee.
Young men are quickly gon, for I behold
Dayly as young as I are turn'd toth' Mould.
My own experience doth diſcover this,
My life a bubble and a Vapour is.
The flower which doth ſpred, and is ſo gay,
Soon may it fade and wither quite away.
If I therefore have ſtill much work to do,
Or as you ſay ſo long away to go.
It doth concern me then, with all my power,
For to improve each day, yea, every hour:

For

For daies to come I ſee may not be mine,
My time I'le ſpend not as thou ſpendeſt thine:
My weights I'le caſt away this race to run,
Stand ſtill I muſt not, nor with thee return:
I muſt provide me oil, get Grace in ſtore,
For e're a-while I ſhall be ſeen no more
This ſide the Grave, I haſte therefore to meet
The Glorious Judge at the great Judgment-ſeat.
I muſt make haſte, be ſwift, like to the Sun,
Leſt that my work's to do when time is done.

Apoſtate.

To you, young man, I have declared much
Of the ſad danger, but your Zeal is ſuch,
Naught what I ſay with you takes any place,
You don't believe me, that's the very caſe.
But what's the reaſon, youth, ſo many folk
Decline thoſe paths in which you now do walk?
Were waies of your ſtrict Holineſs ſo ſweet,
They in this ſort would never back retreat;
I did reſolve with others for to try,
And find you all deceived utterly.
Your whole Religion's naught but meer conceit,
Let none therefore thy ſoul with fancies cheat.
Since wiſe men daily do your waies forſake,
Be thou advis'd, and other counſel take.

Profeſſor.

If thouſands fall away, it is no more
Than what the Scripture ſhews was heretofore.

Thouſands of old from *Ægypt* did adventer,
And yet but two of them did *Canaan* enter:
They never had of Chriſt a ſaving taſt,
Who quite away their ſeeming hopes do caſt:
Their hearts alas are rotten and unſound
Who in Chriſt Jeſus never ſweetneſs found.
But what of this? Shall I my Lord deny
Becauſe that you ſome Hypocrites eſpy?
Thoſe who do murmur in the Wilderneſs,
The Land of Promiſe never ſhall poſſeſs.
But if they will the precious Lord revoak,
Shall I from thence reſolve to ſlip the yoak;
Becauſe they don't the glorious Lord believe,
Shall *Caleb* think the Land he can't receive;
Becauſe ſo many walk i'th' way to Hell,
Shall I conclude that Heaven don't excel
The vain injoyments of an evil World,
Or ſhall with fancies thus my ſoul be hurl'd?
To think, becauſe that Swine the grains do chuſe,
And Pearls do tread upon, and them refuſe,
There is more worth in thoſe baſe ſtinking grains
Than in thoſe true Pearls which the Merchant gains?
Becauſe theſe ſilly men have loſt their way,
Shall I on purpoſe therefore go aſtray?
Becauſe that *Judas* did for thirty pence
Sell his dear Lord, ſhall I conclude from thence
Peter a fool, who priz'd his favour ſo,
That for his ſake all things did undergo.
If fearful Souldiers baſely quit the field,
Shall valiant Champions therefore ſtraitway yield

Moſt

Moſt cowardly unto their treacherous foe,
Whom they aſſured were to overthrow.
If Mariners unskill'd in Navigation
Are ſplit on Rocks, ſhall all then in the Nation
That have that curious Art, reſolve therefore
Never to uſe the Art of Sailing more?
Becauſe the ſluggard ſees the winds do blow,
The rain deſcending with cold hail and ſnow,
He doth give o're, and ſays no longer will
Remain 'th' field his barren Land to till:
Shall faithful Husband-men from the like ground,
Who have oft-times by good experience found,
Without they ſow, no harveſt they can have,
Reſolve the painful labours quite to leave:
He that won't Plow becauſe o'th ſnow or rain,
Shall beg at harveſt, and ſhall naught obtain:
So in like ſort, to mind my preſent caſe,
'Cauſe perſons void of God's true ſaving Grace
Do Poſterities as you your ſelf have done,
Muſt I to th' Devil with you headlong run?
'Cauſe ſome Profeſſors ſecretly do love
Some baſe corruptions, doth this therefore prove
There's none ſincere for God in all the earth,
VVhoſe ſouls experience do the ſecond birth.
I for my part through Grace have this to ſay,
I never ſhall, nor can I fall away:
All thoſe whom God has unto Jeſus given,
They never can be diſpoſſeſs'd of Heaven;
The Promiſe of Eternal Life is theirs,
And they like *Iſaac*, even ſo our heirs,

Who could not miſs, nor diſpoſſeſſed be,
Unleſs God's Word's made a meer Unlitie:
God's Covenant alſo with Chriſt doth ſtand,
Who can ſupply our wants on ev'ry hand.
Sin ſhall not reign ſuch is our happy caſe,
We are not under th' *Law*, but under *Grace*.
This Covenant is not like to the old,
We of a ſure perſon now have hold.
We ſtand not now as *Adam* did, 'tis plain,
God never will truſt that old man again.
Our credit's nothing worth, but our Surety
Is in our room, our wants he muſt ſupply:
Beſides all this, I'le hint another thing,
Which to my ſoul doth much refreſhment bring:
He that's the Author of my Faith, I ſpy,
Will finiſh it himſelf aſſuredly.
He that in me has a good work begun,
Will perfect it alſo e're he has done.
Within God's Saints Eternal Life doth dwell,
This would remove the doubt, conſidered well.
Thoſe unto whom Eternal Life is given,
How can it be that ſuch ſhould miſs of Heaven?
And now to breviate, 'tis my intent,
Sir, if you pleaſe, to frame one Argument:
If the new creature in the ſouls of men
Is of God's Spirit born, I argue then,
The ſame in nature it be-ſure muſt be,
Which cannot death, or like mutation ſee,
But that 'tis of God's Spirit born, is clear,
As *John* the Third doth make moſt plain appear.

The

The ſeed alſo doth in their ſouls remain,
They cannot ſin to death who're born again;
God's fear moreover is ſo in their heart,
That they from him ſhall never more depart:
Thus is my ſtanding very firm and ſure,
And to the end I know I ſhall endure:
And as for thoſe who fall away and die,
I ſhall diſcover clearly by and by
What kind of men and women they are all
Which will hold forth the cauſe too of their fall.

Apoſtate.

Moſt confident, I do perceive you are
Danted at nothing, yet pray let me hear
Thoſe perſons Names which you did laſtly meet,
Who finally reſolve for to retreat, (mend;
And leave thoſe paths which you ſeem to com-
Come, ſpeak to this, and we will make an end.

Profeſſor.

Sir, unto me it doth moſt plain appear
As if they cowards and faint-hearted were:
Under their tongues alſo cloſe ſecretly,
Some pleaſant morſels I am ſure doth lie;
And in them all doth reign ſome curſed evil,
Which makes them to conform unto the Devil.

Apoſtate.

As you ſuppoſe, but pray, youth, have a care,
For they ſincere and ſober people are.

And I do queſtion whether yea or nay
Thou doſt them know, what further haſt to ſay?

Profeſſor.

I told you, Sir, I knew them very well,
And ſince you urge me, I reſolve to tell
What kind of folk they are, and alſo ſhall
Their names diſcover unto great and ſmall;
Maſter *fearful* was one that I did ſee,
With him was goodly *Senſuality*.
With Dame *Misbelief*, and Goodman *Outſide*,
Who turn'd from Chriſt as ſoon as they were tri'd
With one *Unbelief*, a very wicked man;
Turn him out of his way, there's no man can:
Beſides them, there's one *Earthly heart*
Who loves nothing ſo well as Plow and Cart:
Alſo there's *Eſau Faint-heart*, moſt profane,
That ſells his Birth-right Pottage to obtain,
With one *Belly-god*, a man that I do find,
Fleſh-pots and Onions chiefly he doth mind.
There's Miſtreſs *Diſcontent* too with the reſt,
Who would have naught but what ſhe liketh beſt.
Maſter *Hot love ſoon cold* alſo was there,
Laſtly, for Zeal, with him few could compare.
There's *Iſhmael legal heart*, in truth alſo,
When troubles riſe, he ſtrait away doth go
With Maſter *Balaam*, who doth Chriſt Jeſus leave
The wages of unrighteouſneſs to have:
Some people alſo I have lately met,
Who were with ſin moſt eaſily beſet:

And

And divers heavy weights alſo they bore,
Which wearied them, and made them to give
A Gentleman I alſo did behold, (o're.
Whoſe Trade was great,& ſtore he had of gold.
He's going back with ſorrow I do know,
Becauſe he can't have Chriſt and th'World too.
One Maſter *Atheiſt*, that I think his name
As like your ſelf as if he were the ſame;
He's fallen back ſo far, and turn'd aſide,
That at Religion he doth much deride:
He thinks Religion's but a fooliſh thing,
Which doth no comfort, nor no profit bring.
This is too true, you alſo are the man
To clear your ſelf, deny it if you can.
No marvel 'tis you play the Devil's part,
In labouring thus for to deceive my heart,
And blind mine eyes, if that thou knewеſt how,
Thou'dſt make me like thy ſelf, and therefore
I am reſolv'd with you for to ingage,
Who ſtriv'ſt to ſtop me in my Pilgrimage:
A foe more vile than you, what ſoul can meet?
I'le therefore bring you down unto my feet.
Some ſcores I think to fetch out of God's book,
Though like *Goliah* you do ſeem to look,
Yet in his Name, whom you ſo much defie,
I ſhall prevail againſt you by and by.
I thought I muſt confeſs ſome years ago,
I ſhould not in the leaſt been ſtopt by you;
Or that I ſhould have met with oppoſition
With ſuch a foe to add to my affliction.

But ſince this is my ſad unhappy fate,
I'le add a line or two to vindicate
The Dreadful God, ſo far as lies in me,
I'le vindicate that Glorious Deity;
Who in my ſoul his Image ſo has ſet,
That I his Glorious Being can't forget.
Shall he which form'd both Heaven & the Earth,
From whom I have my precious life and birth
Be trod upon, nay, utterly deni'd?
What ſoul can ſuch a ſinful wretch abide!
VVho ſtrives at once, if that you could it do,
The life of all Religion to o're-throw.
Haſt thou ought to ſpeak, and wilt thou enter
On the debate, yea, durſt thou adventer
To o'pe thy mouth i'th' leaſt for to defend
Thoſe thoughts of thine, which clearly do deſend
From Hell beneath, thou'lt prove thy ſelf thereby
The Devil's Friend, *Jehovah*'s Enemy.

Apoſtate.

Thou childiſh lad, do'lt think I am afraid
For to declare my ſelf, or am diſmaid
By ſilly dreams and fancies, which affright
Thoſe ſimple ones who dare not walk i'th' night;
VVho ſtartle at the ſhadow which they ſee,
And think the Devil's near, when 'tis a tree:
And ſince I do perceive you underſtand
VVhat my opinion is, I do demand
How you can prove, and fully make appear
There is a God; for none at all I fear.

No

No God nor Devil I at all believe,
Nor is there any Heaven to receive
The ſouls of Holy Men when they do die;
Nor is there any Hell of Miſery
For ſinners after death, as you conceit,
All is naught elſe ſave a Religious cheat.

Profeſſor.

Dare you your Maker thus with impudence
Deny, and tread upon: ſuch inſolence
What Soul can bear! what Age can ſhew the like,
Where ſo much light has been! ſhall Mortals (ſtrike
At the Great God, and Glorious Deity!
Whoſe dreadful Being and Exiſtency
The Heathens did find out, and greatly fear;
His Godhead did to them moſt plain appear
By the Creation, Man, as in a Glaſs
May there behold who his Creator was.
'Tis time to arm my ſelf, and look about,
When by an Atheiſt I am challeng'd out:
When th' whole of all Religion lies at ſtake,
'Tis time to rouſe, and alſo for to ſhake
Off ſloth and idleneſs, and to ingage
With ſuch a foe in this my pilgrimage.
If once I ſhould unto an Atheiſt yield,
And treacherouſly alſo acquit the Field:
The ſtrongeſt hold of Truth betray ſhould I
Into the hands of its worſt enemy:
And ſhould unman my ſelf of Chriſtian too,
And my dear ſoul of reaſon overthrow.

I ſhould

I ſhould debaſe my ſelf, ſhould I deny
My Noble Birth from the great Deity.
Man's chiefeſt glory ſprings from's Supream Head,
In his deſcent from him, who made and bred,
And brought him forth, and doth his life maintain,
From hence man doth his greateſt honor gain.
'Tis power Divine that man doth greaten thus,
As to make him King of the Univerſe.
Who e're diſowns his bleſſed Pedigree,
Doth prove himſelf unnatural for to be.
For man to ſay he came by hap or chance,
As 'tis a peice of wilful Ignorance.
Himſelf alſo he doth depoſe thereby,
From his own honour and rare dignity.
And vile contempt upon himſelf doth bring,
As well as durt upon that Eſſence fling.
Who form'd his Soul, and gave to him his breath,
And made him Ruler here upon the Earth.
But to proceed, and lend my helping hand,
In the defence of Sacred truth to ſtand,
And vindicate my great Creators cauſe
By Natures light, and alſo by thoſe Laws
Which ſupernatural are, and moſt Divine,
Whoſe light excells, yea, and whoſe glory ſhine.
You ask me how I can make it appear,
There is a God, attend and now give ear,
And weigh my arguments and reaſons ſound,
And let not Satan more your Soul confound,
And Reaſon quite deſtroy as he has done,
Leaſt to the Devil you do headlong run.

Apoſtate.

Before you do proceed, this you muſt know,
If you a God do think to prove or ſhow,
Be ſure of this, young man, it muſt not be
By Scripture proof, for its Authority
I do deny, and cannot it believe,
You never ſhall that way my heart deceive:
The knowledge which you ſupernatural call,
Is a mear cheat, I mind it not at all.

Profeſſor.

Though ſupernatural knowledge you deſpiſe,
And count Gods holy Word to be but lies.
I briefly ſhall ſtand up in its defence,
And ſhew you Pride and curſed Inſolence.
That all may love Gods Word, prize it, and ſee
Its worth and weight, and its Authoritie
To be Divine, and by *Jehovah* given
To lead poor Souls in the right way to Heaven.
One thing of you i'th' firſt place I demand,
Pray let me know, and fully underſtand
When this ſuppoſed Cheat did firſt commence,
And in what part o'th' world bring evidence.
Egypt ſtands mute, ſaith it commenc'd not hear,
Nor did the *Jews* invent it, that's as clear.
Ask all the Heathens too in every age,
Or their Philoſophers brought 't on the Stage.
If you can find it out, pray bring it to light,
Or elſe confeſs your darkneſs worſe then night.

'Tis

'Tis ſtrange that ſuch an univerſal cheat
Should thus be put upon the VVorld, and yet
No one can ſhew who did the ſame deviſe,
Nor how, nor when the ſame at firſt did riſe:
Since all the VVorld ſtands ſilent, and is mute,
This might a period put to the Diſpute.
But ſecondly, I argue once again,
There's none of them who do ſo much diſdain
The Holy Scriptures, who juſt proof could bring
To ſhew i'th' leaſt they were a forged thing:
If none can them diſprove, O then ſay I,
VVhat ground have you the Scripture to deny.
The Scriptures alſo, I obſerve, have been
Strangely preſerved by a power unſeen
In every Age, kept both in word and ſenſe
From ſecret fraud, and open violence,
Againſt the numerous Armies of all thoſe
That were both ſecret, yea, and open foes.
No wicked and impious men could never
Subvert the Scripture, though they did indeavor:
The beaſtly Clergy of the Church of *Rome*,
Thorow whoſe hands, to us, the Scriptures come;
Though guilty of moſt vile abomination
As ever was committed in a Nation.
Their curſed ſins are hateful to relate,
VVhich they committed, and did tolerate:
And that they might more freely do the ſame,
And to be kept from ſad reproach and ſhame:
They ſay the Pope himſelf may change the Laws
Of th' Holy Goſpel, as himſelf ſees Cauſe;

And

And make the sence of Scriptures to agree
With time and place, as he most fit doth see.
How free those Sacrilegious Monsters were,
Had God admitted to extinguish'd clear
The Sacred Scripture, and put out their light,
And filled the world with eternal night.
But we may see although it made it's way
Thorow those muddy Chanels, yet have they
Been still kept pure, still remain a Law
To keep most men save Bloody Popes in awe.
Now if against so many Enemies,
Who us'd all means that Devils could devise
T'obliterate that Soul-informing Word,
'twas preserv'd, and not by human Sword.
How dare you Sir presume for to deny
It's Blessed and Divine Authority.
Another ground or reason I shall urge,
Which proves Gods Word Divine as I do judge.
'Tis taken from that influence they have
Upon their hearts whom God intends to save:
It turns them from those cursed ways of sin,
Which once they loved and delighted in.
It brings them out of darkness into light,
Ye, and discovers Jesus to their sight,
Filling their Souls with inward life and peace,
And precious joy, the which shall never cease.
The glorious Power which God did afford
Always to those who stood up for his Word
Most clearly shews: Methinks to every eye
The Scriptures true, and their Authority

To

To be Divine, what ever you may ſay,
I cannot give this Argument away.
How have they been ſupported in the flames,
Which as it did perpetuate their Names:
So God thereby did ſtir up ten for one,
To ſtand up for his Word when they were gone.
Ah! how did they rejoyce Sir in the fire,
Which made their very Enemies admire.
Wouldſt thou one inſtance have, I could give two,
And ten times twenty more if that would do.
But if I ſhould, I'am ſure I ſhould tranſgreſs,
And over-charge th' Appendix and the Preſs.
And therefore I will add one reaſon more
To prove God more Divine, and ſo give o're.
How has the Scripture made the Atheiſt quake,
And all his limbs with dreadful horror ſhake.
When on a death Bed they have come to lie,
Their Conſcience waking in their face did fly.
Though in their health they did it much deſpiſe,
And did affirm it was made up with lies.
Yet has it made them howl at laſt and cry,
We are undone to all Eternity.
'Twas like unto the writing on the Wall,
Which did foretell profane *Belſhazar*'s fall.
Which was ſo terrible, yea, and ſo ſtrange.
It wrought amongſt them a moſt ſudden change.
Their Mirth and Jolatry doth now expire,
And the proud King doth earneſtly deſire
To hear it read, nought then would ſerve the turn
But an Interpreter: his heart did burn,

His trembling Knees ſmote one againſt another,
As if his Joynts were looſed from each other.
Thus thoſe that wont confeſs *Jehovah*'s Name,
Are forc'd to own him to their utter ſhame.
And thoſe who will not of Gods Word allow,
Are forc'd by Conſcience under it to bow. (o're,
Theſe things being weigh'd, make you quite give
Yea, and Gods Word thus to oppoſe no more.
Now if the Scripture cannot be gain-ſaid,
Methinks each Soul ſhould be exceeding fraid
How they contemn that glorious Deity,
Whom they ſo clearly ſhew and magnifie.
But to leave this a little, and deſcend
To mans own reaſon which you ſo commend.
How many Heathens did alone thereby,
Find out (dear Sir) Gods glorious Majeſty.
If you your Reaſon did but exerciſe,
From Atheiſm doubtleſs you ſoon might riſe,
And hate alſo this Soul deſtroying evil,
Thus ſiding with, and yielding to the Devil.

Apoſtate.

Amongſt the Heathens (youth) were men of fame
Who for their skill in Nature had the name
Above all others, which did quite deny
There was a God or ſuch a Deity.

Profeſſor.

Epicurus, and old *Ariſtotle*,
With *Theodorus*, *Bion*, and the Rabble,

And

And ſuch like Atheiſts I muſt grant to you
Deny'd there was a God as Stories ſhow.
Philoſophy is good, but men abuſe it,
VVhen they like thoſe old Heathen Authors uſe it.
God doth ſometimes mens reaſon darken quite
For not improving of the means of light.
To vile affection, up God doth them give,
Becauſe on earth, like Bruits they ſeem to live.
But though theſe natural Sots could not eſpy
By all their skill th' eternal Deity.
Yet many thouſand Heathens I might ſhow,
By Natures light alone did come to know
There was a God, they ſearched ſo about
Into Gods works, they found his God-head out.
For when they gave themſelves up ſeriouſly
To ſtudy Natures Book, and come to pry
Into the cauſe of all thing hear on earth,
And their effects did clearly ſee the birth
Or firſt Original of every thing,
From ſuch an Eſſence to deſcend or ſpring.
The very Novices in Dame-Natures School,
May ſoon convince that man to be a Fool,
Who by the Creatures glory can't diſcern
The Being of that dreadful Soveraign
Who did them form and make, for every where
His glorious God-head they to all declare.
Had I but time, I could ſome pages fill,
To ſhew to you how that mans reaſon will
Teach him there is a God, for if he mind
The Nature of his Soul, this he might find,

Man's

Mans ſoul is like a ſpring, or like to fire,
It reſteth not aloft, it doth aſpire,
And unto *Noah*'s Dove, I'le it compare,
God is the Ark, ſouls reſt alone is there.
The fleſh dams up the ſpring, quenches deſire,
Keeps out of th'Ark to whom it would retire:
Since I perceive mans ſoul doth ſearch about
To find ſome higher good, and being out;
VVhich doth excel all things which are below,
This doth to us God's glorious being ſhow.
But to conclude this, no man can diſown,
God by his judgments daily is made known.
VVhat ſad example daily do we hear
Of VVrath and Vengeance almoſt every where?
Some Drunkards and Blaſphemers ſtruck down dead
And others judgments ſtrangely tottered.(
Some have preſum'd th'Holy God to dare,
VVhom he would not one little minute ſpare.
If this will not convince you of your error,
I fear you will e're long fall under terror;
For if you will not now example take,
God may of you a ſad example make.
Your ſtate alas, above all men is ſad,
Becauſe of God you once ſuch knowledg had,
And of his waies, which now you loath & hate;
O Sir, conſider this your woful ſtate;
And cry to God, if peradventure He
May give you Grace, whereby your ſoul may ſee
Your hainous ſin, that ſo you may repent,
And turn to God before your daies are ſpent.

Apostate.

I muſt confeſs I know not what to ſay,
If there's a God, then curſed be the day
That ever I was born. for I do know
He never unto me will mercy ſhew:
I now reſolve to open my condition,
Though all's in vain; for there is no contrition
VVill do me good, I utterly am loſt;
For I have ſinn'd againſt the Holy Ghoſt:
I wilfully have ſinn'd, and there remains
Nothing for me but everlaſting pains.
O that there were no God, for then ſhould I
Be like the Beaſt when e're I come to die.
For love o'th' VVorld, and for my preſent eaſe
I am become like to the troubled Seas.
No reſt nor comfort ever ſhall I find,
Curs'd be the day that ever I declin'd (you go,
From thoſe good waies in which dear youth
Or ever I did God or Jeſus know:
For if I had not known them, it is clear
My ſin would not ſo hainous now appear:
My Conſcience doth prick me to the heart,
I never ſhall be eaſed of this ſmart.
Oh that I were in Hell! for then ſhould I
Soon ſee the worſt of my extremity.
Thou ſhalt, dear youth, for ever happy be,
For thou art choſen from Eternity
To be an heir of Eternal Bliſs;
But I alas am damn'd! what woe like this?

The Devil with his gliſt'ring golden ball
Has me deceiv'd, and now I ſee my fall
To be ſo bad, no tongue can it expreſs,
My woful pain is wholly remedileſs.
The checks of Conſcience I did greatly ſlight,
And loved darkneſs greatly, hated light:
Yea, and of good I never lov'd to hear, (clear;
Though I of him had hints oft-times moſt
And now will he my ſoul to pieces tear,
And make me his Eternal Vengeance bear.
Let all back-ſliders of me warning take
Before they fall into the *Stigeon-Lake*;
Yea, and return, & make with God their peace
Before the daies of Grace and Mercy ceaſe;
For mine are paſt for ever, oh condole
My ſad eſtate, and miſerable ſoul.
My daies will quickly end, and I muſt lie
Broyling in flames to all Eternity.

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